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Friday 4th Jan:

There's no reason after all why one should expect special events
for the first page of a new book; still we do so: &
so I may count three facts of different importance;
our first use of the 17 Club; talk of peace; & the
breaking of my tortoiseshell spectacle. This talk of
peace (after all the most important of the three)
comes to the surface with a kind of tumor of hope
once in 3 months; then subsides; then swells, again.
What it now amounts to, one doesn't even like to
guess, having a sort of superstition about guessing;
at any rate, one can't help feeling something moving;
one may wake to find the covered snarmer
proclaimed in every newspaper. The 17 Club is a
success, on the basis of one tea. We met Alex
settled in, already an habitue' by the fire; together
with a knot of very youthful revolutionaries, one
officer & two sallow democratic officials. The
rooms are light, bear traces of Omega, & are less
formal than usual. Before this, I did my
usual round; Partridge Cooper; walk through
Lincoln's Inn fields to Muddis; L: passing his
afternoon in Committee. Margaret has just
rang up to consult him on certain peace
manoeuvres in which the figures. I talk with
Alex about possible work, the night write: "One,
wretched without work" - "Oh, perfectly wretched"
The Echoed, with a glance in the direction of James, I
suppose. "no hope of writing well; I do things as they are".

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Saturday Jan 5th

We went to Hampton Court, for the first time since we skated there, so I believe. We walked across Bushy Park, & a troop of horses took the opportunity to run from one side to the other. The gilt statue was surrounded by ice, & the ice had an inch of water on it; I broke through with my umbrella. The beds at Hampton Court are uniformly brown, save for one yellow - one pink flower, primula's I think. There were sacks at intervals, which I thought might be laid down for the gymnastic exercise of Mr. Crichton. We looked in at her windows. As usual we saw nothing but those great vellum folios, containing Italian History, so I suppose. We walked along a raised bank beneath trees to the river, & sat on one of the semi-circle of empty wooden seats. It was cold, but still. Then we took a tram to Kingston & sat tea at Atkinsons, where one may have no more than a single bun. Everything is skimmed now. Most of the butcher shops are shut; the only open shop was bereft. You can't buy chocolates, or toffee. flowers cost so much that I have to pick leaves instead. We at home card the drapers. Other shops parade fins, or cardboard boxes, & bottles empty. [This is an attempt at the Concise, historic style.] I suppose there must be some the war everywhere. Suddenly one has come up in undisturbed pockets of luxury houses perhaps. But the Northumbrian or Cornish farm houses, plough, & general table is pretty bare. Paper, however, enough to light by spending so we are supplied with work, not a waste of fires. A man called Richardson is the highly complex mathematical method of voting in the trenches.

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Sunday 6th Jan.

An infernal wet day. I left L. at the station, he having to go to Hampstead to answer a list of questions for Margaret. Home to tea alone. Alex. & Friedland for supper. The talk, after flaunting round Olive Barbara, Gannington &c. settled upon Conscience, Social Dubius, & Volition. Gerald had read Volition the other day, & determined to give up tobacco, but now argues that Volition's commands were for men of lower life than he, so that he may smoke cigarettes. He thinks seriously of starting a nursery garden after the war, & threatens to give up this capital.

"What's the use of that? L. demanded. That's the worst of all things to do. We don't want people to live on 30s a week.

"Psychologically it may be necessary if one is to abolish capitalism," I remarked.

"I don't agree," said Alex.

"Besides, who would he give his capital to?"
"In the ideal state everyone would have £300 a year," L. went on.

"Please tell me some reason that I can remember to take back to Gerald," Friedland pleaded.

I forget now what the reason was.

"He's got an awful conscience," she continued.
He ate a large Christmas dinner, & then he & his brother sent out for preserved fruit & when they had finished them they were incinerable. "We're behaved like pigs! We're brutes!" they cried. They were both miserable.

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L: gave us a great many reasons for why we should keep what we have, & do good work for nothing. I still feel, however, that my fire is too large for one person. I'm one of those who are hampered by the psychological hindrance of owning capital. Alex represented some sturdy & hardheaded Economy derived from Itachey. After this long argument, it was time for them to go.

Monday 7th Jan

So London today, L. with my Jack, article to the Times, I to Speller about my spectacles; & I must get a new pair at a cost of £2-2. After that we met at the London Library, & then to tea at the Club; where Alex almost plays hostess; & the woman still smokes her pipe in the corner. Lytton came in, - I finished my tea with him. He is bargaining with Challo & Winton about his book.

"When I'm asked if I like Tidmarsh, I say the country suits me". he said, rather cryptically. His mild benignancy with the young ladies - Fiedegand Faith & Alex, very noticeable. I told him he looks too much after the pattern of Macaulay.

"I see you didn't really like Gordon" he said. He was quite unmoved, centripetal, almost sleek. People going in & out all the time make it difficult to talk. Chief topic the approach of opera; save that the evening paper throws doubt upon it.

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8th Jan. Tuesday.

As a sign of the times we live in, I note that Fredgon
who wants to spend some months in London is advised
by her practical friends to live in a hotel. I say
that she would have difficulty in getting food,
even if she found a servant, or a room to live in.
Consequently, she is taking room, at the Thackeray Hotel.
Some fragments came to mind today which, having
nothing to record, I may as well put down. How I
went to a Registry Office for Nera; & noticed that the
woman had 6 or 7 pens on her table, tried one after
another, found all save one unusable; with stuck
to the holder with crust & ink. One night last
summer getting down from a bus, I saw a fish bag
left on the seat, & gave it to the woman in front of
me. She thanked me & said with half a smirk,
"That comes of me not being used to carrying a bag".
The bag was evidently the mark of a lower social
scale. There were of course other fragments, which at
hint of needing them devolve in my mind. It's odd
considering their triviality, how these little scenes come
up again & again at odd moments; are thought of,
re-enacted, & disappear. Odd too how one thinks
by help of pictures of narrowing. Yesterday
I couldn't remember whether I'd left a book in my
room. And then I saw myself moving my spectacles,
& ~~then~~ remembered that I moved my spectacles in order
to put the book down: sure enough there it was.
I'd give a good deal to know something of psychology.
That was one of the books I suggested that Alex should

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write; but "what's the good if one can't do it really well?"
So the Printer today, & find him calmly asserting that he
really can't send the Press on the 14th. Can't find any
one to move it. This is cool as he ~~under~~ took our
£10 on the understanding we should have the press
without fail. However, these chilly half animate
overworked little creatures can't be taken seriously.
They don't attach the same meaning to promises, even
written & stamped promises, that we do. People
battering him with small jobs, he said, & hasn't even
the time to claim his money. For the first time
for weeks or months I spent a whole afternoon on
shopping. Clothes accumulate in my parlour.
paraly hang from every finger; the people cross;
shops crowded: in fact a most disagreeable
duty, when ~~at~~ done in a mass.

Wednesday, Jan. 9th

The 17 Club is something of a love; certainly promise
better conditions for tea than a shop. So, having gone
for my spectacles, I went on to Gerrard Street.
Found Redegund & Faith there, also a large semi-circle
of Cambridge youths; including a young man with a
flop of hair who had written a play, which he
had with him; the pipe-smoking girl, a one or two
others. I was amused at the repetition of certain
old scenes from my own past — the obvious
element, & sense of being the latest & best (though
not outwardly the most lovely) of God's works
of having things to say for the first time in history.

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There was all this, & the

young men so wonderful in the eyes of the young women, -
young women so desirable in the eyes of the young
man, though this was not perceptible to me sitting elderly
upon my sofa - This sort of talk -

"Ah, but have you read his play? a dozen affirm."

"Most dreadfully I do."

"And you like the handling?"

"Oh immensely!"

Then a second, less favoured young woman, leans forward

"say"

"But may I see it?"

"Certainly" say the youth, & produces it from

a dispatch box, to the girls' delight.

"I represent the public. Edith's so unconventional."

However, then I was summoned to have my tea
at the far end of the room; a Lytton came in, carrying
Lord Morley, whom he's reviewing for L. We
tried still to overhear young Cambridge, & L. finally
decamped, in my daring him, to that party, now
grown even larger by the addition of several young men
with large foreheads, hair combed back, in hiding
from the police.

I then had some private talk with Faith. According to
her Nick is getting a great deal of pain from the
Saxon Barbara Nick combination. His claims are
disregarded; Barbara proper Saxon; & seems to be
ashamed of the unintellectuality of Nick. She
won't take him to see her Bloomsbury friends.

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Bloomington, I think will have one more corpse to its credit: for poor B's. attachments aren't such as to give her a very secure footing there, & to my thinking a marriage with Nick offers more solid value than a cold blooded & only semi-real attachment with Saxon. I explained my view, with which both Faith & Fredgund agreed. ~~After~~ I promised kindness, in case Kindney persuaded Barbara that there's more in N. than the sea. Her stubbornness is irritating though natural. In the street my grey ~~the~~ knicker came off. So it happened and to Jimmy Fisher, a the ^{wrapped} lack a shawing day in them. Fredgund walked with me to Charming Cross. I feel like her in some fundamental way.

Thursday. 10th Jan

Our paper went yesterday in the sudden thaw. From sharp frost was changed in an hour or two to mildness. L. & N. dealt with this sensibly, but we are without baths. Set up in the afternoon, then to the printers. L. did not lose his temper; little MacDermott asserts that there was a verbal understanding that he need only deliver the press if his was put up. So mild, perfidious, & middle headed that we made no impression. The truth & is he takes us for amateurs, who need not be treated seriously. We are to think things over.

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Friday 11th Jan.

Another sedentary day, which must however be entered for the sake of recording that the Lords have passed the Suffrage Bill. I lent fed much more important - perhaps, rightly so. It's like a knighthood; might be useful to impress people one's opinions. But there are other aspects yet naturally. L. to lunch with K. & a Serbian; I set up, & now find it sadly possible to finish a page in an afternoon. L. back, & we took a round by the river & so home to tea, a great many books. (Life & Keats at last).

Saturday 12th Jan

Now that printing has set in (we're at page 18) there isn't much to write down, though the day seems as well filled as a picture puzzle with succeeding events. We are still without paths, & this lends some severity to other ^{disturbances} ~~handicaps~~ which we have to suffer. Today, we can only get one small joint of beef, which is to last a ^{week} ~~few days~~. There is no fat to be had; no margarine, no nutter. We are reduced to 1 lb. of butter a week; Eggs are 5d. each, & chicken anything from 10/ to 15/. W. Langton made Sunday dinner last week off sausage & bread & dripping - "never had such a Sunday dinner for 5 & 20 years." After printing we allow ourselves a short walk, & saw a vision of Hitler, - all but the nose accurate; but each day has an unmistakable impression. The hope of peace all broken up again; politics once more a running in every direction, so far as one can tell.

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Monday. 14th Jan.

We had Saxon to dinner on Saturday. He was at his lowest ebb. It was impossible to talk to him, but I guessed that he grieves over the inevitable frailty of mankind: his dream of love & friendship triumphing over jealousy has, I expect, been shattered by the latest developments. He finds himself in a position odious to so scrupulous & sensitive a man as he is. Still, the effects aren't enervating for his friends. Even his gestures are weariful. He has been nowhere seen no one. I remember this fragment:

"Have you seen anyone Saxon?"
"I've finished the third volume of the Anthology."

He brought me two ~~the~~ books of selections from Italian literature. He wrote my name in them with extreme dexterity & neatness. Flayed Oer, with Leonard, was beaten which didn't add to his spirit, & left burdened with the mysterious & the unintelligible world.

On Sunday, Clive came to tea; & he hadn't long settled in when the Shovels arrived; & we spent an hour or two in gossip. When one sees Clive fairly often, his devices for keeping up to the mark in the way of success & brilliance become rather obvious. We were all talking of the 17th Club: upon which he rapped out "I was among the haughty people who wouldn't join when they were

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asked, now of course I find it the thing to do, & I've had
to climb down. The truth being that he wished to
join, & was blackballed by 2 & others. Such would
be the truth & many of his stories I fancy, if one
knew. But one doesn't know; the results are
quite agreeable, however produced. And as I
persuaded him to lend me his typewriter for
Ashham, I've no reason to be censorious. He is
habitually like those of some faded beauty, a touch
of rouge, a lock of yellow hair, lips crimsoned.
We talked chiefly about the hypnotism & ether by
Bloombury over the younger generation. Some
merriment over Clive's picture of "the complete
schoolmaster" at Sidmarsh. F. & G. had some
there, & after tea marked a pupil methodnew, but in
the came to fetch a volume of Lord Macaulay, &
later she asked for to be enlightened about
some anecdotes of Rousseau. "That you'll know
when you're older, my dear" said Lytton paternally.
She took F. aside & confided to her the some
difficulty about Barbara & Nick. "Nick, she said, is
reading hard", as though there might be hope for him
in that. They're all "reading hard." Saxon asked
playward the other day whether he thought Petronius
suitable reading for a young lady, who liked
Apuleius. But the young ladies don't like
Apuleius — when they're alone. It's matter for

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a comedy. Indeed I see the plots of many comedies brewing
just now among our friends. There's the comedy of
Alix & Bunny; of James & Anonyma; & the pug-comedy
of the two cockatoos. After Alice went, F. & G.
stayed to dinner, & more more at their ease. F. told
us of the A's wedding night; undertaken by her from a
dubious wish to gain experience, though the experience
included so much autobiography on B's part, &
I've no doubt, eulogies of his father, & peans of the
lower literary light of the day, that I think she
brought it dear. But "on the whole I'm feeling better."
partly owing to Bunny. F. has a great fun for
mimicry. She mimicked Karin & breaking in late at
night & asking "Have you a bit for Larry?" &
proceeding to ransack their larder. Karin glancing her
though & claiming "We'll have a jaunt; will
crack a joke"; & also Karin bursting into tears one
night from a sense that Maynard is "Bloomish"
her. In fact the dominion that "Bloomish" seems to be
exercising over the sense & the insane alike
is sufficient to turn the brain of the most robust. Happily,
I'm "Bloomish" myself. & thus immense; but
I can't altogether ignore of what they mean. &
it's a hypnotism very difficult to shake off, because
there's some foundation for it. Oddly, though,
Maynard seems to be the chief fount of the magic
spirit, & talk about capital with Gerald: he says he
means to part with his, but I guess that he always
has some scruple to play with as an intellectual
exercise.

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Friday 18th Jan.

Another skip, partly due to my writing a long letter to Nessa, which drained up some of the things I should have said here. But I like this better than letter writing. Perhaps one should write novels for the 2 yrs only. I can remember various things however: Juggles & kot: to dinner on Tuesday; a that afternoon Lady Strachey read to us to me for the most part, as L. was late. She read Ben Jonson's masques. They are short, & in between she broke off to talk a little, so that it was lighter than before. I enjoyed it. She told me how she used to read everything at her school; & can remember the books because places are associated with them. At the age of 18 her father gave her leave to read Tom Jones (I think) on condition she never said she'd read it. Well, this next book a fellowship had been one of Lytton's failures to get his life "one of the many." I said. But she thought it won't be a disappointment. Her pride in Lytton & the Arnold's would object. Her character was well known to see him a noted literary star was evident. I presumed on this that she was a family row - Indeed, it was, I suppose when franked by the present she's not at her best; conventional very nervous, thinks they're ruined; she got her to the part she has no impediments & the sort, & told stories of beautiful dead Fattles & Dalrymple.

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with the greatest animation. how old Pattle shot out of his
tank, & thereby killed his wife, who thought him come to
life again: how the sailors drank him dry in the voyage to
England; how "Dad" was charming; though not a
good man to marry; how Dr Jackson was so handsome
kind - in fact she seems ~~to~~ to divide her life into
the part of the ^{gayer} romantic illuminated play, & the
rest yet is merely trading along the prosaic streets
with nothing to look forward to. Her eyes collapsed;
her teeth ^{were} ~~gone~~ ^{beat} ~~up~~ again. But talk of the part or of
literature - Literature too must be of the part

though. She read us a poem called the old way of
a breathing, patriotic kind & ^{admitted} how fine it
was as long as we had Howard for a poet we
need not complain. Her patriotism has survived
every thing else. Patriotism a family feeling. ~~Survives~~
~~together all other feelings.~~ & rights she saw long ago -
as for example: "You don't remember I in those 2 years
was once in a Bus, when you were 10 or 11 -" She
"Varena" went with your mother. She ran out to
has the family set of fantasy. She ran out to
get two little lozenge boxes which she has covered in
scraps of coloured paper, preserved from the catalogue of
Japans shops. The may it read much or write,
& plays patience by herself - ^{As} I suppose she
reminisces over her part. For one thing she
splendid time to live in. Making splendid men
remembers India before the servants. your friends
they were, the Company's servants. your horror
relations among the finest. Fancy my

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when I went to see the Delhi pictures the other day, a friend
they'd called ^{the} Princeps for the Princes Pier! " But
talk of women's votes doesn't move her much. From
this ancient world we came back to me younger, as
far as years go, than our own. But the Tognibus' aren't
spiritually very young. Though not precisely of our way,
of thinking (which one takes to be young & advanced still!)
as to politics. I rashly took this for granted; &
Arnold out did me in anti-nationalism anti-patriotism,
& anti-militarism. At intervals Kot delivered a
formal formal address upon Russia in broken
English. There's a good deal to be said for Kot. He
has some likeness to the Russians of literature.
He will begin to replace his soul without preface.
He explained Katherine's soul, not at all to her
credit. Her lies & poses have proved too much for
him, nor does he find more than a slight gift for
writing in her. I don't know that this last pleases
me however, though it sounds as if I wrote it
down for that reason. He is individual in his
view of politics, thinks Russia too little civilized
to profit by revolution, but here in England
is bound to come with immense benefit to
because we're carpets & gas in our poorest
houses. Russia scarcely inherently civil war
never means to go back; prophesies by it. In
in the spring, & no advantage won by it. In
1905 they were burning houses & stabbing nobles
too. Rosebudd has merit to look at
certainly. I like her better than Arnold, who

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improves though, & is evidently harmless & much in his element when discussing Oxford. It hadn't much good to say of it. They were both sick yet, & will never go back, nor does he think that young men will ever be found to live them again, save as undergraduates. He knew the aristocratic heroes who are now all killed & celebrated — Grenfell, Lister, Shaw Stuart, Argyll, & loathed them, for one reason they must have thought him a pale blooded little animal. But he described their row & their insolence & their quick snuffing brains, always winning scholarships, & bullying & bringing both chairs full of rats into Chapel — & admitting no one to their set, so that in the end they were almost abolished by the Colonials, who hated them back. It reads much like a Mr. Ward novel.

Wednesday, 16th. I went to the Library, where I met Z: who had been on his deputation to the Colonial Office, which was ill-treated by the Secretary; then to the Club, where we met Alix of course & Fredgund. These two were making painful efforts to set up house together, but neither could do anything decisive, though it was clear that Alix wished to come to terms, as much as she can with her Aunt. She had been down to Sidmouth, where her eyes are paralysed & doomed soon to die. Her eyes just quiver, & one side of her lip moves; but in medical opinion she neither thinks nor feels. This had not made Alix either gloomier or less gloomy though, & believe she feels it beneath her gentlemanly good sense. As I left, F. beckoned & begged me

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to decide for her whether she should tell Alice how Gerald existed
for her to share with her, or prevaricate. I always say
that people with short hair must be told the truth.
I hear this (Saturday) morning that they have an offer of
Amber's house, which they should take, I think, in spite of
Gerald.

On Thursday & Friday & Saturday we worked away at
printing, so as to have 8 pages set up to print at
Mc Dermott's. Unvarying cold & gloom, which turns now
to rain, now to snow. This is the Hell of the year.
We seem to mark time in the mud. Wright denied
us on Thursday night — a kindly plausible but
long wanted man, leaning on L. for support at
every point, & giving up his views when they
are complicated. They went to see Roundtree together. I have
my speculations, but can't go into them now.

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Monday 21st Jan.

We had Nick to 'look at' on Saturday night; Barbara came too. It's nothing very much to look at, certainly; yet so unpretending that what he has to show is satisfactory. Besides he has a pleasant fresh voice, & a quiet very simple manner which make him very tolerable in the house. I rather think that Barbara watched to see what we made of him. He talked his own shop for the most part. Lewis guns, & their mechanism. There are good notes & strikes at Woolwich, & the guards & have notice to march there at any moment, & fire on them, the people, what their own Woolwich regiments & would refuse to do. He takes things a little seriously. Next morning we had a long Syngé discourse about Irish character. He admires Syngé says that he's heard his own men talk exactly as Syngé makes them talk. They lie on the ground talking, & won't play games. They are deeply religious (the root of all evil in Ireland he says) & die looking happy if the priest is with them, not otherwise. Their mothers constantly write to know if a son has had a grand funeral, if he has a cross over him; this is their great source of comfort. I suppose the soft serious, rather plaintive description at which there Nick is high; & on top, but not at all offensive, there are signs of his deep admiration for the great Bloomsbury group, & culture, & problems. For instance, the Quakers deplores the gap between what he calls 'the Quaker view' & the artist's view; he says the Quaker view will

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prevail with the young after the war. He quotes back seriously.
However he went off to Hampstead; & L. went. Heaven knows
what made him unless it was chess, to Gypsy Hill to
lunch with the Waterlows. Lytton came to tea;
stayed to dinner - about 10 o'clock we both had that
feeling of parched lips & used up vivacity which comes
from hours of talk. But Lytton was most easy &
agreeable. Among other things he gave us an amazing
account of the British Sex Society which meets at
Hampstead. The sound would suggest a third variety
of human beings, & it seems that the audience had
that appearance. Notwithstanding, they were
surprisingly frank; & 30 people of both sexes & various
ages discussed without shame such questions as the
deformity of Dean Swift's penis: whether cats use the
w.c.; self abuse; incest - Incest between parent
& child when they are both unconscious; git, was their
main theme, derived from Freud. I think of becoming
a member. It's unfortunate that the civilisation
always lights up the dwarfs, cripples, & sexless people
first. And Hampstead alone provides them. Lytton
at two different points reclaimed penis: his contribution to
the openness of the debate. We also discussed professions
the future of the world; how we should like Bloomington
to get no longer; Kest, old age, politics, L. beat
hypnotism - a great many subjects.
Sydney by his craft. They are leaving Gypsy Hill.
Today, Monday, I went to Harrison to have a broken
tooth mended; & to Stainer - Philip is back with his

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wound once more broken out, owing to lack of care at Fawley.
Here I was interrupted on the verge of a description of London
at the meeting of Sam Set a moon rise. I drove on top of
Bus from Oxford St. to Victoria Station, & observed how
the passengers were watching the spectacle; the same sense of
interest & much attention shown as in the Grosvenor arch
before some pageant. A spring night; blue sky with a
fine mist over the houses. The shops were still
lit, but not the lamps, so that there were bars of
light all down the streets; & in Bond Street I was
at a loss to account for a great chandelier & light
at the end of the street, but it proved to be several
shop windows putting into the road, with lights
on different tiers. Then at Hyde Park Corner the
search light rayed out, across the blue; part of a pageant
on a stage where all has been wonderfully muted
down. The gentleness of the sun & rose what
impressed me; a twilight new of London. However very
large & looking stately. Now & then someone, as the
moon came into view, remarked upon the chance for
an air raid. We escaped though, a cloud rising
towards night.

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Wednesday Jan. 23rd

I see I've forgotten yesterday; but it was uneventful. L:
went up to a meeting, Barbara was left in control of the
press. I took a walk by myself. I went along the
river to Marble Hill. I must retract what I said about
the Ark & the year. We have Gimpies & Heaven. So mild
that the landing window is open, & I sat by the river
watching a boat launched, a half speckled to sea but on
the willows. River very high, swift & yellow, testifying
to the floods higher up. They say it's been raining
heavily; I dare say it has, but such is the civilization
of life in London that I really don't know. What with
fires, electric light, underground railways & umbrellas,
how can one take notice of the weather. But
we look out about bed time & notice the moon.
Very clear out & polished & almost full till 9 or so, &
then, much as if God did turn over in his sleep &
press a button, down comes a curtain of cloud, & we
yawn & sleep sound. Last night, after giving
B. her tea, which waits the chief delight of the day,
though poor woman she can't be better behaved, &
if she were gifted no doubt one would hate her
actively, we dined early & had the Guild. Mr.
Adam spoke. The level is certainly not a high one.
Even when they know their subject, as he did, they don't
know it in such a way as to make it plain to the
uneducated. I doubt whether more than 3 people
in the room knew that he was talking of the
Coops & politics. He began in the middle. He could
lead bald phrases from Congress resolutions.

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just pronounce such a word as "autonomous" but I don't suppose
any one understood it. As usual, d. & I were the only
people to speak save Mrs Langton; as usual it was only
when talk drifted near food that one of the women
broke silence. She wanted a bread shop. They all
got bread late in the day; for a time they all spoke at
one - stories of their own ill treatment & of their neighbours.
Oddly phlegmatic these women for the most part;
with a passive sort of pleasure in sitting there & watching
like so many pale grey sea anemones stuck to their
rocks. Still, the children, the housework - & even enough
if one troubles to look.

Talking of sea anemones reminds me that we're in
treaty with D. H. Lawrence for his house at Zenon.
It's very distant & improbable at present though
sufficiently tempting to make me think of that sea
(those cliffs several times a day).

Today, Wednesday, B. didn't come, & we printed
L. did the most yet; & I made two little cartoons into

Richmond, one to discover the right way of spelling
Mynah; the other to buy a new battery, price 1/3.
Two of mine have perished during the lifetime of
L's: on ethasaleh. The wicked old wretch still
burns like a spark from a star.

wise to have mine in readiness for the raid, though
these tradespeople of Richmond know for a certain
that those will never be another.
bakes windows now provide almost nothing but little
plates of dull biscuits; seeking of plain cake; & plum, it
little buns without any plums. If you see a plum, it
is invariably a decayed plum; those are no others
This transformation scene has been stealing on imperceptibly
last year were we still allowed
It's unthinkable!

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Thursday, 24th Jan.

The last day of being 35. One trembles to write the years
that come after it: all tinged with the shadow of 40.
Another spring day; I do without a fire in the morning.
The only drawback is the loss of a fire, & that sense of
being in a cave of comfort, with wet & dark outside.
Outside it's a pale grey. I went to the library to get
a handful of stories in the supernatural; met Sir
Henry Newbolt, a thin grey-headed wreath, but we
didn't know each other; then I beat up a 'Down Throwing'
Cross Rd. asking for Kent's letter, but they were not
to be had anywhere. So to the Club, where I found
Lytton by himself, & not feeling inclined for talk
we read our papers & near together. Redegund came in;
but after laughing a little at her telephone message, I
went. She & Alex & Carington sitting together
Decided that I criticised them, wouldn't stand it,
rang me up. I demanded a retraction, which I wanted
only since they put their complaints in my papers. This is
I'm afraid they want to do this in a Saddle. This is
the only explanation is that in a Saddle. This is
the first time of the worm. Barbara however,
let all criticism run off her without a trace.
I printed 4 pages off at the printer today, & only
got back at 6; an unsatisfactory job, owing to
the incompetence of the printer.

Tuesday, 25th Jan.

My birthday. L. slid a fine Cowhorn knife into my hand this morning. Nelly has knitted me a pair of red socks which fit round the ankle, & thus just suit my state in the morning. Another went kept me recumbent. Barbara came, & together we "dissed" 4 pages, & L. printed off the second & at the printers - altogether a fine day work. At this rate Katharine's story will be done in 5 weeks. We rather think of doing a little book of woodcuts, either after this book or at the same time, in our small press. Our dinner tonight was a sacrifice to duty on a fine scale; never were we more ready for an evening alone; books to read; a sense of great deal of talk already discharged this week; but rather before 7.30. Came Clara & the Whithams, whom we had asked with a view to killing each other off without more waste than was inevitable. Whitham elaborately literary got up is the self-taught working man thinks what a fair index of his mind. He is what we get so unassuming & homely that it more amusing than repulsive. His passion for the writing is the passion of the amateur - or rather of the person who's got it up from a text book. And Cannan's new novel he said "Ah, Cannan, yes - that he's very weak in construction isn't he?" And so with all the rest. He told me his book had a

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way of "screaming" - with great enthusiasm, after asking the
fact of my fiction which is a point of honour in professional
circles, he ran over all the novels he's got ready or
half ready, or only in want of "phrasing" - which
proves he applies at the end. The "beginning" with a
synopsis, which takes him 3 months: but I didn't
listen to the whole story. They withdraw soon to
Dorchester, where directly the war ends (but even the
war hasn't prevented him from adding a new book to
the list) he is going to work hard. Writing all the
morning, reading & walking the rest of the day. And
so we may hope for some 20 Whitmans during the next
five years or so. When he had told us all this,
he went on about spiritualism: there's a sofa all
a fat pale solicitor of 50, who lies on a sofa all
day down in Dorchester communing with spirits,
& feeding upon bread & margarine. Whitman had
dabbled in mysticism, - had made tables walk &
heard phantom raps & believed it all, but was
too much afraid of the results upon his character to
go in for it seriously - I thought this showed weakness
that I expect he hasn't a good head to perceive.
as his talk of novel writing makes me
Sybil sat marking time, & much pleased with the
good impression the thought him to make;
in his precise way acknowledged the pomp of a good
principles so that they seemed the pomp of a good
housekeeper about the price of bacon. Clara's
silence throws I think her subsequent position
the family: a person who can never make herself
felt - unhappy & comfortless a long, I expect. The

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Hazed the night.

Today (Saturday) we went to Kew. Snowdrops,
dwarf cyclamen, some miniature rhododendrons, etc.;
also the point of some squills & crocuses coming
through the grass & dead leaves.

Sunday, Jan 27th

As we were going out we ran slap into Desmond
bracing round the corner in an impetuous way. This
knocked the bottom from our hope of a solitary evening.
but as mercifully as possible. We took a taxi upon his
Old Deer Park. He seemed depressed; being drawn upon his
forehead; he sighs Oh dear! Oh dear! at intervals,
thinking about the war or private difficulties, I suppose.
Indeed I thought it unpleasant how one has to steer past
certain questions with him: when's your book coming out,
La Molly; novel been taken, are you writing yet -
I divine that the answer depresses him awfully in the
early morning. We gave him tea, - discussed the day's
development of psychology since Shakespeare's
L: denied this; I asserted it. Desmond thought Othello
& Desdemona very simple; but thought we were tolerably
represented in fiction. I find myself altogether
unmentioned there. Question whether one should
write quick events in short scenes. Thackeray has
fiction should be like life: whether Thackeray has
profundity. Desmond has read some of the new comes
lately: finds no depth, but a charming rippling,
conventional picturesqueness. So on to Job's
poetry: "a good commonplace port," said Desmond.

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not the kind to bring up discoveries from his own sutrads: look, upon
the everyday world a faint & right phrase: classical
• therefore enduring - But I don't follow this. He
brought Emil Bagnold in his pocket, "now, I'm here
thinks he's reviewed her himself. I'm not going to
after a glance at her mind. She led him to describe a
Roumanian Prince, whose voice, he said, was the loudest in
London. He rang him up (to account for not coming
punctually for dinner) - I listened, & heard a soft
hesitating voice stumbling over long words, rather romantic
down the telephone. He went off at last, having
wrought himself into a state of contentment or garrulity,
so that he would have stayed a given the 4th Act after
Iceland had he been able & would have been able,
had we pressed.

Monday. 28th Jan.

On Monday I went to have my tooth finished, winding up
for tea at the Club, which becomes as Goldie said, "quite
a family party." You come in to find half a dozen
pairs of legs radiating from chairs towards the fire.
You hear, or I heard, it's a case of revolution or "evolution"
then, if you've heard enough, you seek the Manchester
Guardian. Evade Sylvia Whitman, a hide yourself
for precisely 10 seconds. Fidegard, with apologies
breaks through the barrier. "But they're so
fearfully dull, & I must talk something that isn't
politics." That something, so far as I remember (it
Saturday now) was Ottoline, Alex, poetry, love, until
Bob, who had been jerking his head towards us,
could stand it no longer, but towered over us,
flapping an elongated proof sheet, & wishing to

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know if we were talking secrets. "No such luck" I said,
so he settled down with his usual bagman's assortment of
literate gossip. First he said how Clive proposes to buy up
the Egoist - start a Bloomsbury review, & then what his
we think of Waley, & so on & so on, anxious, scandal
loving, but innocent - indefatigable as ever. Home
I went, & there was a raid of war. The night made it
inevitable. From 8. to 1.15 we roamed about, between
coal hole kitchen bedroom & drawing room. I don't
know how much is fear, how much boredom. But the result is
uncomfortable, most of all, I believe, because one must
talk hold a gocular small talk for 4 hours with the
servants to ward off hysteria. Next morning,

Monday, 29th Jan,

The upheavals of the raid were swept under by Barbara.
"Virginia, I shan't come on Friday because I'm
going to be married."

"You're going to marry —?"

"Yes. Nick."

"And Saxon?"

"Saxon doesn't mind. Nothing to be changed. We're all
agreed."

There are the terms. I don't myself think that she
wishes to be married; but has convinced herself,
that she should. Moreover, the horror of Nick's
return in a month keeps her graver than
otherwise. She showed no wish to be
congratulated or in any way fussed over. She
stayed & printed as usual. And, expecting a
raid, we asked her to stay. This time
it began at 9.10: the warning at least.

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It was far louder this time. An aeroplane went over the house about 11.30. Soon after, the guns were so near that I didn't like to fetch a pair of shoes left in the bedroom. We had arranged mattresses in the kitchen & after the first noise slackened we lay all together. L: on the kitchen table, like a picture of them life. One thud came very near; but in an hour we had the bugles, & went up to bed. The thud, it - L. Distinguished from the rest, came from the explosion of bombs at Kew. Nine people, I think killed. Servants became plaintive, & Lottie began talking of the effect upon her head; they hint that we ought to leave London.

Wednesday, 30 Jan.

Went to a concert & tea with Ottoline. She is perched in the smallest bedroom of Bloomsbury hotel, moulting, depressed, untidy, over-dressed. Not much talk of interest to me, though friendly & not so overpowering in certain directions as usual.

Thursday, 31 Jan.

A deep fog all day. We both set type. Dipping out to buy a bun for tea was as much of that as we wanted. I remember how glad we were, first of the fog, second of being alone, for Barbara slept at Hampstead.

Friday, 1 Feb.

A day of fog in patches. Last night the worst fog they say for 30 years, & old glens who escaped the rail walked in numbers over the edge of platforms & were crushed. A cook stepped into the Thames; people walked by rapping our railings to keep the road. L: went to London &

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Coming home at 10.30, reported a heavy night & clear afternoon,
the fog deep and more when night fell here.

Sat. 2nd Feb.

The first walk we've had for ever so long. Damp mild
vaporous day. Funeral bells tolling as we went out,
& marriage as we came in. The streets lined with
people waiting their meat. Aeroplanes, Droning
invisible. Our usual evening, alone happily,
knee deep in papers.

Sunday 3rd Feb.

Sunday has become as stoned to be in Hyde Park the
social day. The sociability began early for L. at
least, Riddell the printer coming, as we hoped to
offer a press, but as we discovered only to say that
presses aren't to be had. A female friend was
with him. I listened behind the bath room door.
We found Goldie when we came in from our walk;
a then Pippa came, curiously untidy, as all
Strachey women become at the least provocation.
Without a certain degree of good looks it isn't
worth being vain — that their reasoning, I always
suppose. The talk was hampered by the
surprise that she was a jingo: & secondly on
older fashioned type than wire used to. She
has the disconcerting though worthy habit of
remaining quite silent when she disagrees.
She disagreed with me when I said I thought
cooperative housekeeping (implying bed) was an
improvement on the old style. Goldie
shot his direct, well pointed arrows; my only

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criticism in his case is the feeling which his method produces
of being a method. They dig for views too cleverly, these
elderly dons - still - still - Pithe has faded curiously;
looks older, more worn. He spoke yoll day of parties
H.B. Smith, George Duckworth, Jack Hills & Christmases at
Conby. He ~~so~~ thinks that still the way to live; those
people so "civilized" compared with our crop-heads. But
now she has no time for society; does suffrage, which
will turn now into a campaign for equality, by day &
night. "Merisfully," she said, "there are people like you who
keep out of it. It's most important that there should be
people like you. That is so long as you've got a earned
Economic independence. That's essential. No, I'm not
clever. I've always cared more for people than for
ideas - a now I must go. I've got work to
do. I mustn't be turned into Noth here". So
she went. It struck me that age counts not in
having a different point of view, but in having the
same point of view, faded. Goldie shows this too.
An evening alone.

Monday 4th Feb.
Up to the Univ with a Coleridge article; & on a
more I lost myself, owing partly to the multiplicity
of Water Lanes. Met L. at the Club, where
people for once had agreed to silence, & solitary
reading of books, so we were left to ourselves.
We have started a bottle of saccharine, & so
have our sugar.

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Monday 5th Feb.

Karmi came to give her lecture. She arrived at tea time. I can't help being reminded by her of our lost dog - Linker most of all. She fairly ran round a room, snuffing the corners of the chairs & tables, was as fast as she can, & matches at any scrap of talk as if she were sharp set: & she ate a great deal of food too, like a dog. This extreme energy may be connected with drapery. She has become a Bolshevik. She has offered her services to the Labour party, & hopes they'll send her up & down England, organising constituencies, since she's tired of making & writing - never did much like it, & now sends a swimming & wants to be in the thick of it. Socialism is nibbling at our friends in a curious way. She & Adrian have scruples about the size of their income, & wish to earn money, partly because they have their income dependent on B. She gave her paper on League of Nations well, though speaking too quick. The difference in education makes is very marked though. I think they took her points. I was surprised to hear that she was much relieved when it was done. She stayed the night, & the next morning, which with a fitness & simile new to be explained, costs me a tooth to lose. Moreover, she sits over the fire, & I have to shout. But I see that Adrian must find her energy, her not carbidious or cubical but generous & warm blooded mind, her honesty & stability & real stanchity -

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Saturday, March 2nd.

What is the use of finishing a sentence left unfinished a month ago? Here we are, evening; I came back from Asheham, or rather Charleston, an hour ago. After dinner went that Wednesday, rather a monotonous time began for me. Influenza began on the Friday; I was kept in bed 5 days; on the next Tuesday we went to Asheham. My chief complaint is that I was divorced from my pen; a whole current of life cut off. Secondly I saw no one; for 5 days I wasn't in a state for reading; but I did finally read Morley or other books; but reading when done to kill time has a kind of drudgery look in it. I was asked to write a book in a series - *Makers of the 15th Century*; but after deliberation refused, nor did it at any moment seem possible. But I wrote this down partly to give an official look to this diary, & partly because it marks a middle aged condition. Undoubtedly the country develops the spiritual side of life. One day I sat in the garden reading Shakespeare; the rest of the day at least we had to walk to Southcare for milk; we were only allowed one quart a day - 7² a quart. The garden shows great promise. I dug up the large bed, a transplanted plants from the round middle bed to our path bed. The buds visible on the trees; there in the hedges on the side of the Down. For 9 of our 10 days we saw no

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one; my letters even failed fairly completely; but the days
walked into each other like snowballs roasting in the
sun. On Thursday Nena came for the night. &
I went back with her to Charleston for Friday
night, L. taking the servants up to town. Harry
Moss had just arrived. We all met for dinner, for my
relief N. I had tea alone in the drawing room.
Moss & Mr. Breckin gave off a fairly strong atmosphere
of the paid & paying guest kind which is not pleasant.
Mr. B: an elderly upright firm unflinching woman,
whose integrity has been her chief capital in life. The
reminded me strongly of Nurse Reid: Moss one
professional competence & compromise. He is a
might meet meet — practically anywhere. He is a
pale insignificant young man, rather very shy or
very much out of his element. We carried on
as best we could, entirely unhelped by him, —
though Mr. B: spoke from a sense of duty. She
allowed nothing to blossom in her presence. But
drift with each remark literally & sensibly.
Ann, the daughter, is much more charming than
one might expect — though no doubt marriage trials &
poverty have flattened out Mr. B: charm prematurely.
She calls H. Moss her "adopted son" which sanctions
his withdrawal after dinner to his bed sitting room,
where they are supposed to make up stories for
the Saturday Westminster. On Saturday
morning Nena, Duncan & I sat in the studio &
gossiped. Part of the time we discussed art. This
is what I like doing best with them. They

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say that there's no one worth considering as a painter in England today — no one like L. M. or Forster even with whom it's worth discussing one's business. In France this is reversed. Nenna showed me Saxon's letters. He has made her his confidante. He has been very unhappy; & made out his moments of exaltation — depression with his usual minuteness. In one he said that it was curious no longer to care for anything, death being as desirable as life. And then I talk about his health. We discussed also the peril of society, which has to some extent washed off poor old Desmond's bloom, & would submerge Maynard, if he were an artist.

I left at 1.15, walking in a high wind with 2 parcels slung across my shoulders, to Glyndwr; through the park. Back here for tea, & met L. buying the Hanwell Gazette. I found a letter from Saxon — a little cold. I can't help thinking, at least showing one, after his letters to Nenna that in this crisis I'm not his confidante. It's queer how one chooses one figure each time one's in a state for reasons not perceptible to the figure herself. Last winter I was to hear everything.

Sunday, 4th March.
A vile windy day. Sent off my Conrad article, at last — & printed a few labels for Banny. But we stayed in, & were very happy.

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Monday, March 4th

L: took 4 pages to the printer today to print off.
I being useless for this purpose went off to get into
touch with Lendon again, which I did at the three
usual points - Madras, Lendon Library & Seventeen
Club. Lendon, from a spectacular point of view
was at it worst: like a middle aged charwoman
with hair scrubbed off a bleak forehead. In $\frac{7}{8}$
St James' Square a village of houses has been
built to shelter some ministry, I suppose: & it was
strange to see how holes have been cut in the walls
& the roofs to allow the trees to stand undamaged.
Some of the clerks will have a tree trunk to wipe
their pens upon. I found a silent group at the
Club, all men, & unknown to me, with the
exception of Alex who sat still as a statue
reading one of Berby Russell's books. I interrupted
though this is against my principles: we had tea
together. Her chief piece of news was that the
Saxons are going to set up together in Father's house
after Easter, for the duration of the war & 6
months beyond it. I fancy that they see something
a little comic in this combination of the hopelessly
enamoured, & indeed one can't help smiling rather
at the thought of silence in which each will

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be thinking of some one else; & one fancy this common bond
leading to a great deal of sympathetic collaboration, but
the plan is evidently a good one. It recommended
itself first to Mr. Bridgman, the housekeeper, who
thought two such quiet people should live together.
I did my best this time, to keep low in tone & nervous,
& as far as possible sympathetic. My feeling
had been, she said, that I 'floated' - didn't mind how
my prosperity seemed both her. Redmond & all
the things they lacked. But why should F. lack
any thing? I left her sitting there, as I believe
she always sits, till they turn out the lights, or
James comes to take her to dinner. What will she
be at 45?

Home to find the two darkies here. L. spent 3
hours or so printing, but did it in the end.
Tuesday, 5th March.

Another bitter day. L. up to a meeting at the 17
Club. I spent the afternoon "darning", ran out into
the High Street, & was immersed into the penny
Bazaar, when the simplicity of shopping tempted me to
spend. The Guild meets tonight for Nick to
address it.

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Wednesday, March 6th.

Again one has to wonder why the women come — what inducement there is in such a passive employment as sitting silent, half asleep, in a chair for an hour. Nick was in the right style for them too; simple detailed, casual much at his ease. He spoke for an hour. The thing that remains in my mind ^{of the lecture} is the waiting for pains, & the marching out "with man & man looking very cynical" he said. along perfectly straight roads lined with poplars. His matter of fact way of speaking, as if necessity must be borne however outrageous to his sense of decency & ~~of~~ common sense also struck me. He seemed in good spirits, proud of Barbara; telling us of her conquests, which he believes in implicitly; talking more than usual, & telling me how except the war they'd like to live in the country & make good furniture of his design by Carrington. It's ~~what a~~ a human being & very good nature without special gifts to bend him this way or that; the same is true of her, I think. It's a rare production in our particular circle. L: was meeting; we have here a mania for gambling over Drunken patience. I lost 4/ over this in a week. Impudent letter came from Williams, about 2s back. He is showing or means to show. the Doubtful passage to co-operation, & therefore can't start printing yet. L: now threatens to "put the matter in the hands of his lawyers".

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Thursday March 7th

In these 2 days, I've 'dressed' 4 pages, in the hope that we may finish 8 pages of the story before we go away again. The rain seems so distant now that this precaution seems & seems. The servant, still sleep in the kitchen however, as a shadow of moon remains. Philip came after lunch, & he & L. walked to New. I met them on the towing path. He is obviously very wretched; has no future work, evidently, save to get out to France. He brought some of Cecil's poems, which we have offered to print at once, in a small book, in our old type - As giving him occupation it would be a good thing to do. I for offer to come & help. The more one sees of the effects on young men who should be happy the more one detects the whole thing. Philip takes more interest in the military side of it than Nick, I think. He has refused an offer of work in London. A bitter day, & our coal finished tomorrow. The last raid dropped a bomb on the coal merchants.

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Friday 8th March

From yesterday; waking it looks as if the rain were
casting this shadow before me, & were sent expressly
by God to ~~correct~~^{debate} my arrogance. However this may be
we played our patience; I lost my $3\frac{3}{4}$, & so to bed
the only thought in our minds being, I think, something to do
with patience or printing. I'd taken my third & final
roll in bed, when there was an explosion. That we
half a minute a raid seemed so infernal that we
made out it was one of the incredible bursts of
motor omnibuses. However next minute the gun,
went off all round us & we heard the whistles.
There was no denying it. So we got our things together
& went to the kitchen. This was at 11.30. Looking
out we could only see stars yellowish in some sort of
mist; no moon; but a still night. As we
lay down on our mattresses there was a great
though distant explosion; & after that the gun, deep in
very thick & fast to north & south, never, but once
so near as as Barnes. At 12.45 we had
cocod & went to bed. The bugle sounded at
1.35 — two hours from start to finish.

I shall never forget the certainty with which L:
burst into my room at breakfast. He agreed to cancel the
Williams has cared in. He agrees a fighting
Contract. L. was as triumphant as to skulk into the
heart who he has driven his enemy to be. For one
bush. I think he has reason

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thing it looked as though he could still worry & impede
for some months to come; & L. might have been forced to
arbitrate. As it is, the way is open, & instead of dealing
with a surly unwilling spiteful mangy desperado
as he can make his own terms — which he's doing
this afternoon with ~~the~~ Allen & Newman.

~~Back the other~~ ^{up} night in the left at Holborn the other
day I stood next a bag of 14 or 20 whose head only
was visible among the crowd. I noticed that it
was an extremely interesting, sensitive, clever, observant
head; rather sharp, but independent looking. One could
tell from his cap whether he was well off or not. I
came to the conclusion that he was the son of a white
with whom he stood. When we got into the street
I looked at once at his legs. His trousers had
holes in them. From that one could judge what a
wretched affair his life will be. I began
writing up leaf poems this afternoon. They're not good,
they show the Woolly tendency to dramatization, without
the vigour of my particular Woolf. I had all
sorts of accidents & only finished one.

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Saturday, March 5th.

L. found Unwin very ready to consider the Co-operation book, & what is more, ~~an~~ unqualified in his abuse of Williams, who could, he says, be sued for the damage he's done to the book's prospects. He proposes to issue 2 editions - one paper, one cloth at once, after, that is, reading the book which he means to do discreetly. I saw Jay Williams, who will still try to keep his paw upon the manuscript. We went to a meeting called a 'Suffrage Rally' in Kingsway this afternoon. It was a very fine afternoon & through a glass door one could see the daylight - a diffused light for speakers to speak down. So prosaic, reasonable, & unconcentrated. The hall was fairly well filled; the audience almost wholly women, as the speakers were too. The pure silence & stilted sex is a little disheartening. Moreover, whether it's missing of men or of women, one can't help wondering why they do it. I get one satisfactory disillusioned from the sense of multitudes, then become disillusioned finally bored & unable to listen to a word. In truth this meeting seemed to beat the waves in vain. The vote being won, only great eloquence could celebrate the triumph. None were eloquent; who & yet they had to beat up a froth. The one who impressed us most was the Roman speaker, said. had imagination, & seemed to feel what she said. But at best large indisputable platitudes, finely dressed & balanced, are the only thing that ever

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can be put into speech. I watched Mr. Peacock Lawrence
rising & falling on her toes, as if half her legs were
made of rubber, throwing out her arms opening her
hand, & thought very badly of this form of ~~speech~~ art.
We had tea at the 17 Club. One room was crowded &
silent; at the end of the other Aldous Huxley & a young
woman in grey velvet held what should have been a
private conversation. A. has a deliberate & rather
dandified way of speaking. All we learned &
virtuous people bent over our reforming papers in dead
silence; an occasional sentence of the muffled dialogue
came out plain from the other end of the room now &
then. They were discussing Evan Morgan & his
affairs of the heart I think.

We went on to the London Library; & as we
walked down the steep street someone came ambling -
crouching up to us - Bob. T. - laden with an
infinitely shabby baggy portmanteau - full of
books, I think. So we went on together; &
first he confided in me - then in me - At least he
has the air of making a confidence, or asking for one.
He wanted to know whether he could add my name
to the list of Devout Jacobites. Percy Lubbock &
Lagan Smith play this very characteristic game
of exquisite interest & course to Bob. The game
costs 20, & Bob was seriously asking
himself to find a 21st. But I refused - with some
vehemence at first, thinking I was to be asked to
subscribe to a memorial. Nothing so substantial;
only an elderly cultivated game.

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Monday, March 11th.

I spent 7/- on books this afternoon; a fact to be recorded since it's the only mention of buying books in this year, or last, perhaps. As a matter of fact I've accumulated 12/- as time money; add 5/- for a birthday present, & I have 17/- an unparalleled gain. First, however, I treat the town for chocolate or sweets. In the whole of the stores, not one ounce of choc. to be had; but some simple 'Square Drops', such as one used to buy in a bag for a penny. Half a crown will now buy a pound of them. Half a crown in old days would have bought a coal-scuttle full. Then I went on the top of a bar, for the day was of the quality of June, only fresher & colder too, to Nicks shop to get a Leopardi. Then to Mudie, where I bought much as I liked; then to the Charingcross Road where I bought the Happy Hypocrite by Max Beerbohm; a Exiles of the Snow, by Lancelot Hogben. In this way I laid out 7/-. But I was amused to find that the last of the books revives with the least encouragement. I could have had one & I want a copy of Impresario. I shall ever read for 2/6 containing all the plays I shall ever read for 2/6 of a day, but this demon suggested that I might enquire for the Baskerville in two volumes. The bookseller shared my lust which increased it; so that I told him to make enquiries.

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not commit himself to any probable price, from which
I judge that he is calculating on the best to pay when
I see it. And, as in all, nothing goes back more for me
money than a beautiful book — obviously I'm slipping.
I sauntered round his shelves as I had done in most of
the shops. He is careful, select, bookish; no bargain
but the kind type of book one might like to buy.
These bookshops have an air of the 18th Century. The
People drop in a group about literature with
shopkeeper who, in this case, knew more or much
about books as they did. I overheard a long conversation
with a parson who had discovered a shop in
Paddington full of Elzevir. He denounced the
government, particularly for its waste of paper. They
threw a whole lot of newspapers, & took a sheet in
the p. office, if there happened to be any news.
So to the Club, when I found L. Fiedgen, Gerald,
Goldie, Braislford, & Alex. The post Hayben was
also there. I laid his little book on the arm of my
chair. Gossip of the usual kind. Poor Hayben's
book is precisely the dreary, imitative
stuff one might have expected; or even worse than
one might have expected — what Lytton would call
"illiterate"; under the influence of Swinburne, &
incredibly ungifted, & weakly rebellious.
Home. L. to a L. of N. making.

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Monday, 12th March

This page should be wholly devoted to praise of the weather. The curious aspect of spring in the suburbs is that it produces an astonishing amount of male & female singing in the evening. We sit with open windows, & a lady warbles out notes in apparent ecstasy. She may be forgiven though, considering — there are some facts. I sat by choice in a seat in the shade at Kew; I saw two Heath butterflies; willows, Crocuses, Squills all in bud & bloom. Black clothes look like dusty palls. As for fur, it makes one laugh. We met at Kew.

I may say that I'm "rejoiced by the Times" to rub this rose paint over. L: has 2 books from the Nation. It's the second with your reputation; & it has the result of making me write ~~for~~ my novel at an astonishing rate. If ~~my~~ I'm ^{continuing} ~~finished~~ dismissed, I shall finish within a month or two. It becomes very absorbing. We both notice that lately we've written at a terrific rate: L: 40,000 words & as yet hasn't touched the book itself: I'm well past 100,000 —

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Thursday, March 7th.

If I'd written this diary last night what I was too excited to do, I should have left a row of question marks at the end. What excited me was the evening paper. After printing all the afternoon I went out later bought a Star, looked at it casually under the public House lamp. We were that the Prime Minister needed our prayers. We were faced with momentous decision. We Britons must cling together. In a week or even a few days the fact must be faced which would change the British Empire for ever. We evolved from this an offer of peace to France: but it appeared to be only a way of whipping up his gallery. Anyhow, I was whipped. Who was to have done rang up to say that a raid was expected, & he must "stand by". The night was cloudy, & we weren't much alarmed, partly because the warning came from official sources.

My dismissal is revoked. A large book on Egypt arrived, which I spent the evening reading, & now another in Swanburne waits me at the Railway station. I'm divided whether one likes to have books, or to write fiction without interruption. But I may make a few shillings to pay for my Baskerville.

Friday, March 8th.

Happily the weather is turned cloudy, spring blotted out, but one must sacrifice spring to the war. Philip came & we printed - I making rather a mess of the poems, to my annoyance. Philip talked about Blimey who is a shepherd near the Quantocks.

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Monday, March 18th.

I wrote the date & then something interrupted me —
better I think, to Lytton giving reasons for not
reviewing his book. Today is Wednesday, &
this the first moment I've had for writing
after tea. On Saturday the chatter began.
Lytton & Carrington came to tea — the appeared &
from in the cheeks, bright green & yellow in the body,
& immensely firm & large all over. We talk
has run of my mind, so that I don't suppose there
was anything said of great importance. They'd
been at Barbara's party till 5 the next morning.
Fidegens & Nina kept it at the rock, by giving an
imitation of Ottoline. Nick & Susan both gloomy in
the background. Carrington going out of the room for a
second, Lytton explained that he would like to stay
with us without her, could it be managed. He
asked me to review his book. I agreed without
thinking. On second thoughts I don't much want to
write under surveillance, or to ask B.R. for what he
must know to be the back of a friend. On
Sunday the burden question was offensive. The
last week, for itself. Gerald & Susan lunch.
Susan tea; Barbara, Nick, Mildred & May dinner.
Gerald's likeness to a pampered draped pug dog has

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much increased. His hair is white. There is hardly a
gleam of life, let alone intelligence in his eye.
The feebleness of his hold on life save through the
stomach must be ~~in~~ fearful. He has no opinions,
but merely a seaward drift in the prevailing
current. His commercial view of every possible
subject depressed me, especially when I thought
of my novel destined to be paired a frown over by
him. But the odd thing was that he had
nothing to say. This took bill 3, perhaps:
Saxon at his least urbane & most insignificant. He
melancholy that misfortune should be unbefitting,
but I'm afraid in his case it is. His complexion
suffers; his mind seems frost-bitten. He was
beaten at chess & went, as if not wishing to
meet N. & B. Nick was the only cheerful one
of us. Poor Mary snarled & scowled with the
mercy of his lot. He works all day, & writes when
he comes home. Worst of all, L. M. has outwitted
ill with haemorrhage from the lungs. been very
France, & has to be brought home, wh. is difficult,
in order to see how bad she is. But
I thought him very much more of a person & a brain
than I had thought him before. I think this was
partly due to the contrast with Nick. The difference
between a good mind & a mediocre one is very
sharp - Not that M. is as ~~an~~ easy, or as agreeable.

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But he works his brains, always he worked them, - thus, cuts his way through a different atmosphere. I had a good deal of talk about books with him, such as one couldn't have with Nick - though he's read Jane Austen, & can keep his end up by natural good sense & taste. B. was almost blotted out, scarcely spoke, I think. They went first; we said goodbye. The modern method of covering all obviously ~~real~~ emotional ~~ones~~ with a varnish of prose & common sense makes such parting almost ~~an~~ ostentatiously matter of fact. Mary stayed on for a time. I discussing French writers & Thomas Hardy. He will never write another novel, he says. Poetry is a short cut & "life seems to me now very precarious."

On Monday I stayed here & did my composition work. L: to London.

On Tuesday we had tea at the Club, meeting all the usual people, saw that Bryn's & family, went to a general meeting, where L: was elected 5th on the committee; & then on to Dino with L. Arnold Forster the other guest. Much to my surprise the first person to come in afterward was Helen Young. I don't think I've said 6 words to him since 1908 - when we had that interview. I've always guessed that dark dealing on the part of O. H. intervened; at any rate we broke completely.

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This knowledge made me at least uncomfortable. But we are
elderly now. He is a perfect type of naval officer clean shaven,
shorn, red faced, all blue cloth - gold braid into a
ribbon in his breast. His dark enigmatic way
(the Sphinx without a secret) are swept away:
yet I liked him - thought him kind & friendly &
a little romantic - I'm afraid no longer romantic
about me. But how even begin to guess
another's feeling? I found myself pitying him
for the very first time. I suppose he's more than
40, & after all, he wished for some thing which
he's done without. But these thoughts were
well covered by talk. We talked hard indeed. It's
find no romance in the navy after four years.
We wondered about our vision of England. Not
knowing his degree of pugnacity, talk was difficult
save on general subjects. The shaver came, & a
brisk friend of Ka's out of an office I think, &
we left. Little W. A. F. very humble, very small,
very innocent, as he used to be.

Wednesday.

We printed - but just missed getting it done.

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Friday, April 3rd.

I think that Wednesday was broken & short as they always
tend to be on the verge of moving so far as I remember
it moved hailed thundered people. Off we went to
Attingham on Thursday, in such a burst of summer heat
that people in the 'tubs' pulled blindly down, & the
uproar & potency (what word will express the stir &
life still cared in a soft velvet sheath?) of Richmond
worshipping a Tank was ~~to~~ like the hum of bees
round some first blossom. We had the best of the
blossom in no metaphorical sense at Attingham.
And more my memory is most centred upon an
afternoon reading in the garden. I happened to read
Wordsworth; the poem which ends "what man has
made yman". The daffodils were out & the gurgles
I suppose could be heard from the downs. Even to
me, who have no immediate stake & repudiate
the importance of what is being done, there was an
odd pallor in these particular days of sunshine.
More's always a sadness in spring & June -
Vinton broke in upon the mood which weans
so thick a frost into life alone at Attingham.
First Lytton. Then we waited with eyes upon the
avenue, for the appearance of Barbara. She
never came though, & upon Sunday I had a
letter explaining falling the almost incredible

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though her repeated attempts to get into a train; how for three days she went to Victoria; & sometimes, was kept outside the barrier; sometimes was stuck opposite the gap between the carriages; never got in; & finally spent Easter alone in her studio expecting, so we are told, to find herself in some 9 months short of a fortnight, the mother of a child.

Lytton was with us one day less than a week. Our chief speaker was along the road to Bedfordham. We had thought, at me, very intimate talks; intimate in the sense that he will understand the from the light of the fact what the whole body of the thought is in our mind. These thoughts were for the most part about books. But books include a good deal of life. I suspect that he is now inclined to question whether Eminent Victorians, 4 in number, & requiring 4 years for their production, are quite enough to show for his age, & productions. At any rate he is was evidently a rather painfully anxious about our opinion of their merit, & came back to often though so tactfully to the question of my review that I hesitate.

(& to me there is a contrast) between his achievements & L's achievements made itself felt to him. Then he was sick one morning "green sickness", & Lottie described it with his usual passion &

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Enthusiasm for painting all colours at their brightest.
His whole health is very low; a certainly health does
make one careful, perhaps a little paranoiac, spiritually.
I remarked, whether the result of bad health or not, a
distinct increase in the his family pride; it has now reached
almost a religious pitch; a bad sign. Like patriotism it
means that certain feelings are to grow larger -
lusty under shelter. For instance, James must be called
as a man of "own will", superb administrator etc:
but the light is shed on each one of the family, a even
upon Cousin, like Mary H. I rather resent it. Then
James & Nona came. Our patience more rather
thin. Visitors do tend to chafe one, though impeccable
as friends. I'm always glad at the end of a visit to find
one's liking unmodified, as it was, in all three cases, -
yet I'm puzzled to account for the sense of strain &
discomfort which the people one likes most manage to
produce. 2. - I discurved this. He says that
with people in the house his hours of positive
pleasure are reduced to one; he has I forget
how many hours of negative pleasure; & a
respectable margin of the acutely unpleasant.
Are we growing old? Are our habits settling
in like the made winds? But this time
the food difficulties certainly increased one's
discomfort. One day we came back from a
long walk to find the third of loaf &
bread on the table. No more to be had in
the house. This was due to bad management

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on Nellie's part, but then at Arnhem it's very easy to
manage badly & needs considerable thought, cycling -
carrying to manage even tolerably. At one
point the servants wronged themselves into
the usual row. The relief of being back in
comparative plenty & anyhow next door to shops is
quite recognizable. We came up on ~~the~~ Friday,
went straight to lunch at Clifford Inn, lived in to
Partridge & Cooper, & then I came home & L.
went to see Benwick.

The result of seeing Benwick is what I foretold
(see page) They have offered him the
editorship of the new Review, & intend make of his
acceptance a condition of starting it, which they
propose to do at once. Some arrangements
must be come to with Wright, but they will
solve themselves I suspect. L: has 10 days in
which to decide. There's the question of staff, &
salary & so on. If he accepts he will be
able to give up feeding the ownerless
collared throated Eagle with revisions. Considering the
mounts & that cheap & thin blooded creature,
(I speak of his Journalism) & his methods of
running the paper, his lack of power judgment
& competence, I shall consider L: wise to
take the other job merely as a means of escape.
But it is truly too it might be not a
means but an end. That was had

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rather a sanguine happy sort of return, considering how disappointed returns generally are.

Saturday, 6th April.

This morning I had a letter from Barbara telling me that Dick was dangerously wounded on the 30th. The wound is in the back a kidney, & they have operated. The last news said he was well through the operation. They have heard no more. If he recovers, perhaps he won't be sent out again — but who knows? At least she has had the blow soon, & yet were me, I should think that a blessing in itself. But the state of waiting for telegrams & letters, without any certainty when they'll come, this baby in prospect, must be as fair a combination of torture as human being can invent for each other. However, Saxon is moving house; she helps him; his voice on the telephone sounded as if pleasure & some sort had not but only described him. But when a crisis happens, scarcely anyone meets it naturally; rather they're too composed & precise, or the other extreme. Saxon has a curious, calm face & his own. Rain all day till this moment, when it has turned brilliant. Plum in blossom in the garden, & flowers very healthy looking. To turn over books in Hickok's. I bought Collin's poems & Colley Gibbs Autobiography — if both together. L. to Spainer. Flora's husband has just gone abroad.

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Sunday 7th April

We are just back from tea with Barbara & Saxon in the Studio. Nick is already moved to another hospital & has written himself, so at least he must be in no immediate danger. Indeed they think he may be home any day now. ~~While~~ We had tea; Saxon in his brown woollen vest, stepping fantastically about the room to lay the table; Barbara so evidently nervous that I suppose the child must be a fact - but that 4 days waiting for news can try anyone's nerves. The couple in the interior were almost too perfect an illustration of the post-impressionist spirit for my taste. Even the black & white cat seemed decorated by the Omega. White wash in which the hairs of the brush remain, a striped pole, Burnet for the covers, China Day, for the mantelpiece, check cottons, wherever you looked & to the anxious eye one or two uncertainties of taste or decoration to an earlier stage, as for example a broad necklace hanging in a mile. However I came back to think my own room very ugly. The talk was rather adequate, but not profuse. I don't think Saxon (who had just washed his head) had anything to say; & his demeanour is a little tart & grumpy at the moment. He reminded me of a hen who has laid an egg - but only one. We did not like Hampstead. The vulgarity of Richmond is always a relief afterwards.

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Monday 8th April

There is an awkward moment between coming back from London a dinner which is the salvation of this book. For some reason one can't settle to read, or let writing seem the proper channel for the unsettled inevitable condition one is generally in. Perhaps this condition is intensified by tea at the 17 Club, particularly if one happens to meet Roger in the Charing Cross Road in his wide awake hat with four or five yellow French books under his arm. He is the centre of a whirlwind to me. Under this influence I was blown straight into a book shop, persuaded to lay out 3/7 on a French novel. It (is) by a Jew made to fix a day for coming to Durbin's, invited to a play & fairly overwhelmed - made to battle all over with ideas, questions, possibilities which couldn't develop in the Charing Cross Rd. Of course he was in a hurry to keep an appointment at the Burlington or to produce one or two plays somewhere else - it too, so he said, but somewhat relieved in his mind by reading Fabre, who makes him see that after all our war, hideous though it is - but here we parted. I ran in to a kind of backwater & Roger at the 17 Club: Goldie, Miss Dudley at least. Mr. Manus & Lady Davis & I: can't be included under that heading. We sat in the ground floor room; a poor old Goldie wrinkled

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his forehead & flung himself lightly & adroitly in to
the quarter of his another in his usual way — the
way of a bachelor who lives by plying his mind —
moving by that means from person to person, having
no settled abode. A sort of gipsy or vagrant.
He mourned all the deaths of the young men —
even Whithead the last to be killed. Said that he
would fight if young enough; as it is he sits in
Committees. I left them to conduct another
Committee, & went to Poland St. to get my watch.
On the way I walked through a narrow street
lined on both sides with barrows, where stockings &
truncheons, candles & fish were being sold.
A barrel organ played in the middle. I bought
6 bundles of coloured tapers. The stir & colour &
cheapness pleased me to the depths of my heart.
But I couldn't pay 5/6 for my watch, owing to
the deductive magic of Roger in the Charing
Road, & so had to leave it, ticking away like a
young watch. Home by Victoria. A penny
evening, swarming with people.

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Tuesday, 9th April

This is most curious weather, also most unpleasant. Rain descends at intervals from a dark grey sky; even when it isn't raining the sky is still grey. It's warm, damp, & the young leaves have a lurid look in the winter atmosphere; the green is as if seen at night by electric lam lights. We quarrelled yesterday about my jug of cream; & L. was unreasonable, & I was generous. The quarrel ended at 4.25 sharp. At 4.30 Miss Maltraville arrived. I remember her at Neunham. She has left, we understand, "under a cloud". It is easy to see from her limp, a 'polio' attack, that the cloud has sapped her power of resistance. We skirted round the war, but she edged away from it, & it seemed altogether odious that anyone should be afraid to declare her opinions — as if a day's war could be so much dreaded even the raising of a hand. She & L. discussed their business, which has to do with W. & P. & may result in an offer to her for place on the staff. She has to leave her living. "I must tell you one thing," she said, when the talk was over, "my father was a German." I find it makes a good deal of difference — it is a distinct hindrance commercially." L. agreed that it was. She is a lanky, gawky, unattractive woman, about 35, with a complexion that blotches red & shins suddenly. Dressed in her best, which was unaccountably stiff & ugly. But she has a quick mind, & is an enthusiast; said she loved writing.

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Wednesday, 10th April

A very wet dark day. Printed I set up one page in 1 hour & 15 minutes - my record. At this rate, the book might be done in a month. I had a letter from Miss Harriet Weaver yesterday asking whether we would consider printing Joyce's new novel which no other printer would do, owing presumably to its sentiments. They must be very warm, considering the success he had with his last. She is to come here, though we can hardly tickle a book. I like this suggestion by the great brain pie. By the way, I'm reproached by the Times once more; a thousand reed off my book at a great pace, & I suppose books will flood in all in a heap one of these days. To the printer, who has almost set up his new machine, but without power - without a compositor we are still far from getting our rights.

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Thursday, 11th April.

To the 17 Club this afternoon. But one must describe the weather. Imagine being inside a yellow balloon, the ceiling of which floats up & down, with an atmosphere inside of shafted air. Such is our situation. When the ceiling sinks nearly to the top of our heads we have to turn on the electric light, as we did at luncheon. Occasionally rain falls, but brings no relief. We forgot to turn all the lights in the train on. I went to the Omega, got my pictures, & ran into Roger, carrying a roll of manuscript which was, he said, his translation of the *Systrata*. This he has done, on a moderate knowledge of Greek, & wishes to have checked, but I doubt, how far one can go. I carried the pictures all the way to Gerard Street, stopping at Island Street to paying 3/6 & get my old gold watch, whose distinction & dignity are very marked after 6 months of Ingersoll. At the Club I found — well I repeat that old scene once more? I think the change from toast to roll & honey interested me more than the fragments of Scarr Cousins & Marshall, or than the pale constrained solemnity of poor Miss. Having robbed her of a fortnight with James, I felt rather quickly. L. came in from the Native's meeting. He is going up again to a farewell party to Bertie at Mrs Hamilton's. Last night he went, for less than 30 minutes, to a Labour party meeting.

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Saturday, ^{13th} April

L's farewell party was freely sprinkled with our
non conforming friends. I don't know why their virtues in
combination are so depressing. There was Dora a
Norian, Karin (she announces that she is with child).
& Burns. Miss & son. Bertie broken down, -
safe to be imprisoned either for his article or for his
conscience. The new bill takes in all the older
generations. All their consciences are now being
racked, but so far they seem inclined to stop short of
prison.

Friday was a pleasant day, the sun out, & the
blossom & leaves of a natural colour. We spent
the afternoon printing. It was the first evening
we had alone for a long time. Lunk deep in our
chairs we were interrupted in our tasks by
Walter Lamb. Upon review of the conversation we
agreed that he was slightly above his usual level.
He told long stories, his walk in a snowstorm, with
every detail given a prominence more interesting to
him than to us, the wildest romance would be
flattened, however, by that voice. Lord Canterbury is
again to the fore. He is a Persian scholar & has
given W. the Arabian Nights. He lives in a house
which is not fashionable enough to do him justice.
He has an Italian footman who secures him meat
from a friend in any quantity. A small
Lamb was left at W's door the other morning. He
expects to fall again before the temptation. He

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has given up reading, finding no time for it; but examines boys in the Classics. Told us stories about J.J. Thompson, whose mother keeps a small shop where Wally used to buy sweets as a boy. So we slipped on; W. sitting between us, & yawning without concealment. I yawning with an attempt at concealment. The 'Madness' is showing its precious pictures, only it is number, in some tubes. They are told to expect immense bombs at the end of the month, which will dig 20 feet deep, & then explode.

Saturday
Today Saturday was printed, & finished 6 pages. As we only began on Monday we have done a record. A cold dismal day, & very bad news in the newspapers. Stout red-faced elderly men are visibly porturbed. And Ireland has conscription. If one doesn't feel that politics are an elaborate game got up to keep a pack of men trained for that sport in condition, one might be dismal; one sometimes is dismal. Sometimes I try to worry out what some of the phrases we're ruled by mean. I doubt whether most people even do that. Liberty, for instance. Last night I dreamt I rang us up. I'm afraid our friends must be, though scrapping. His book comes out on Monday; I'm to forget everything, yet remembers a vague yoking to promise of mine. uttered at least a year ago. He wants to stay here. It is sending me a copy. I'm now debating how to deal with these damned authors.

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Monday, April 18th

There is a grave defect in the scheme of this book which decrees that it must be written after tea. When people come to tea I can't say to them, "Now wait a minute while I write an account of you" they go... it's too late to begin. And thus, at the very time that I'm brooding thoughts & descriptions, instant for this page I have the heartbreaking sensation that the page is ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{is} them; they're spilt upon the floor. Indeed it's difficult to mop them up again. And at this moment the men lengthen your list of unrecorded visitors frighten me from touching beginning. Judge Washams, Hamilton Holt, Harriet Alva, Ka, Roger, Nerra, Maynard, Shepherd, Goldie, nor to mention the Guild & Alex & Bryn & Noel (who may be called the 17 Club.) all these have accumulated since Sunday; & each deserves something to mark this place, & I did mark it at the time. But how recover the impression of Washams & Holt? If we a tremendously successful visit. We had prepared ourselves most accurately. They made speeches - looked at the pictures & complimented me: all according to forecast. They were impressive to me as in the first place further vivacity which combined with their large well nourished bodies, made them appear powerful; next because they treated me with respect; & then because they were simply & intensely in love with the League of

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nations. Judge Wadhams had "visited" every minister in America. They were in touch with every group of people in the world, as far as I could gather, with an army of stenographers who send out pamphlets with the personal touch wherever a pamphlet can lodge. Compared with this our record is tame.

"We put you right in the top, Mr. Woolf," the construction thinkers of the war — I can see your place on my shelves at this moment — ... Pardon me. You have used the word "social" more than once. I don't rightly understand what you mean by it. ... "We both explained for 10 minutes. "No; I don't understand." "Will we not proceed to the Sidney Watts, but we've done no more than scratch your surface Mr. Woolf, — we must try to do more next time — With thanks to you, Mr. Woolf, for letting us see your home —" & off they went.

But almost instantly Harriet Weaver appeared. Here our predictions were entirely at fault. I did my best to make her reveal herself in spite of her appearance, all that the editors of the *Epoch* ought to be, but she remained unalterably modest, judicious & decorous. Her next move was fitted both soul & body; her grey gloves, laid straight by her plate symbolized domestic rectitude; her table manners were those of a well bred hen. We could get no talk to go. Horribly the poor woman was impeded by her

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sense that what she had in the brown paper parcel was
quite out of keeping with her own contents. But then
how did she ever come in contact with Joyce - the
rest? Why does this filth tickle her from her mouth?
Heaven knows. She is uncomfortable from the
business point of view & was uncertain what arrangement
to make. We both looked at the MS. which seems
to be an attempt to push the bound of experience
further back, but still all in the same direction. And
so she went. And she came & was made to
drink carbon oil out of an egg cup, & lay in a sofa, &
was nearly sick, & had a disturbed night, & was
ill the next morning.

Then I went to Guildford. I don't see how to put 3 or
4 hours of Roger's conversation into the rest of this page;
(I must stop - and Viola Meynell) but it was about all
manner of things; on growing old; on loneliness; on religion;
on morality; on Hera; on Duncan; on French literature;
on education; on Jews; on marriage; & on
the Lystrata. Occasionally he read a quotation
from a book by Proust. (whose name I've forgotten)
& then from his translation. & we woke next morning
to find the hills covered in snow. & came up in a
bitter wind & rain to the Omega; so to Gordon Sq;
when first the new Dalacroix & then the Leganne were
produced. There are 6 apples in the Leganne picture.
What can 6 apples not be? I began to wonder
thence their relationship to each other, their colour, & their
solidity. To Roger. Now, moreover, it was a

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a far more intricate question than this. Was a question of
the pure paint or mixed of pure which colour; Emerald is
merely veridian; then the laying on of the paint; & the
time he'd spent, & how he'd altered it, & why, & when
he'd painted it. We carried it into the next room,

& Lord! how it showed up the pictures there, as if you
put a real stone among sham ones; the canvas of
the others seemed scratched with their layer of rather
cheap paint. The apples positively got redder &
wonder & greener. I suspect some very mysterious

quality of position in that picture. As
day it rained, & L. was out to tea, & brought
Goldie home to dinner. Goldie was a "humiliated"

by the fall of Bailleul, but too his neat well groomed
brother, & I went to the Guild, which pleased me,
by its good sense, & the evidence that it does

somehow stand for something real to these women.
In spite of their solemn parricide they have a
deeply hidden & inarticulate desire for relief all

beyond the daily life; I believe they because in some
the pomp of officers & elections. They recounted
every it symbolizing this other thing. They recounted

their above of the woman as Syphilis, which I think
to their credit. Since then they have learnt, they
said that the only & those the truth. They wish me

to get them a speaker on Sex Education, Mr.
Hiscoke telling us that she had had to get a

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friend to explain the period to her own daughter, & the
still feels they if the daughter is in the room when
sexual subjects are discussed. She's 23 years old.

On Wednesday, L. went to lunch with Rowena, &
accomplished another stage of his progress to the Editor's
chair. A dummy copy is to be prepared. R. still
hedges on the question of expense, but remarked all the
same "You are the man!" L's hand shook
so that he had no lunch. This came entirely &
discussing the question before he went up. I went
to Carlton's, & sat in that solid impressive room
among the empty desks & smooth tables while
they went to fetch me 1/6 worth of his (lower case)
& the printer of the Bank of England ordered
2,000 lbs. of type to be conveyed at once in a
van, the weight being beyond the capacity of
taxi. I find immense satisfaction in hearing
the talk of these solid, competent business men,
who give their orders with such weight &
simplicity & never a word wasted, & such
character of a plain sort, in every movement &
feature. To be at the "Club" & Alix &
Bryce & Noel there, & I rather disliked them all.
On Thursday we took a little walk, but in
the path of such mind that there was little
pleasure in it. Then L. had to dine with

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Margaret. He is becoming almost a dinner out. But in
our side this is a matter more of business than of
pleasure. One goes rather to meet some one or to
settle something, or to say good bye to a prisoner.
Berber's case still hangs fire however. Today
I got Desmond's book, but I'm sorry to say by request of
the author. Richmond, when I asked for 'Do a Lighter',
book, said "Certainly - if you can keep it secret."
I couldn't promise to do this, & therefore wrote to
tell him not to send them. And now I must
inform Desmond & Lytton. They won't suffer really,
I believe, but they will be anxious, & a little of life, -
I'm in two minds as to whether I'm glad or sorry.
I think I could have said some very clever thing,
a few true things, but undoubtedly one can't
avoid a certain ungainliness in writing formally
of people one knows so well.

Friday, April 19th.

A day of Gigantini's report for L. Eight pages
printed & off. He went at 1.30 & is still
(6. P.M.) at the printers, standing in the cellar &
shifting page after page between the press,
having had only a short time off for tea.
By tonight I shall have 8 pages to dis: & then
to set up; though the type runs to 9 pages. 3
lines with the new h's: & bring the one to five
cut at last. Snow, storms & wind, better cold,
& occasional sunshine.

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Sunday April 21st

How many poor people, clergymen & retired officers for the most part, must be tapping the glass & looking gloomily at their lawns covered with withered blossom - withered still half clod, & then blown off the twig. Orchards must be ruined by this time. A few yesterday the magnolias were a most melancholy sight: the great pinkish buds just ready to burst into the most magnificent of flowers, & now browned & shrivelled never to open & while they live to be ugly. We noticed several branches ending in white gloves, according to L: a sign that some experiment in grafting is being tried. Even the daffodils are all blown crooked. Fruit trees brown & nipped. The weather goes on with its wind & rain & occasional snow. I went to a concert at the Palladium this afternoon, but on the whole I regretted it. A man called Julian Clifford played Mozart as if it were a dream walk, slowly & sentimentally & with a kind of lugubrious thickening which spoilt my pleasure in the G. Minor. L. to Francis. I must now write to Desmond, who has been telephoning, & with thoughts of that review.

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Friday April 26th

There are five or six days mired out - I don't remember why, but partly at least because there wasn't much to say. On Monday I remember having tea at the Club & making Friedegund, Somengard, a lady farmer & someone I took to be Bryn. but she answered to the name of Edaphne. The shovels are driven to the land again; had left it to the very last moment of course, & being under compact to have a job by Monday were still in doubt whether to try Cambridge, Hartford, or Hampshire. I talked mainly to Somengard - a rare visitor, but somehow familiar. As L. remarked these country women yet a slow bovine manner rather refreshing to my taste. The boys prize bulls, play a double bass in the evening, & with improper stories for children. The seems to have settled into a corner absolutely fitted for her, & round exists pleasantly, having a Quaker faith now to garden her off. I got the impression of some large garden flower comfortably showing its roots about a well planted in the soil - say a stock or a holly hock.

On Tuesday Wright dined & slept here. I listened with respect to a long conversation, in which both L. & he played their parts with perfect knowledge of the rules of the game. Such was the impression that their deliberative, easy & yet entire manner of speech made upon me. How far W. mended his requirements of the rules of the game require complete difficulty to say. The rules of the game were well & urbanity. He was extremely nice to play so well & alone. He offered to help as much as he could.

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His opinion of his own powers as editor being naturally higher than
ours or indeed than the Trustees, this was very nice of him,
but I expect there's truth in his own saying that he'd
rather get what he wants done by others than do it himself.
His labours under a variety of pressures, & is very deliberate
taking twice the time to finish a mail that we do,
& perhaps 4 times as long to finish a sentence. The
question of salary was discussed. W. thinks this will be
referred to him. He suggests from £200 to £250 for
Miss Matthei; between £300 & £400 for L. This
is more than we expected. However it depends to say
on more people than Wright (Eagle here rising up to say
he's standing for Parliament - a labour candidate - At
that rate the Marx cat has a chance)

On Wednesday Lottie Spelt half a care & type in the
floor, so that I had to spend 4 hours in sorting work
every compartment - about the most trying work
there is. She had mixed the letters in thoroughly,
thinking or hoping that though divided in compart-
ments the letters were all the same.

On Thursday I was recumbent & L. went to do
proofs at the office.

On Friday we set up, & took a short walk
The weather varies between fog & sun - sunshine,
sailing as at least from rain, though the
moon is full.

WYPL

Wednesday, May 1st.

There's a fate in saying that we're safe from raid.
On Friday I went to the Hippodrome, to see life; L. The
seeing a different variety got at the 17 Club. The
incredible, pathetic stupidity of the music hall, (for
nearly we could have risen higher & only politeness,
made us laugh,) almost made me uncomfortable; but
the humour of Harry Tate, though a low grade way,
with the queer English humour, something natural
to the race, which makes us all laugh; why I don't know;
& you can't help feeling it's the real thing, as, in Athens
one might have felt that poetry was. Home about
11. At 12 the usual maudlin, a even extra whistling.
The fine night made this likely; we bundled our
belongings into the kitchen, & took up our appointed station,
L. & I lying by the grate; N. & Lottie whispering in the
cellar. After 20 minutes, I thought I heard bugs. One,
I can imagine so much that I said nothing. Ten
minutes later Nelly burst out "The bugs!" So
they were. We went upstairs. inclined to
blame some clerk whose ears played him tricks, which
the night made into certainties. But I dismissed
tells us that 3 American aeroplanes crossing the
Coast without giving the signal caused the false
alarm, which woke the whole of London, though
ignored by the press.
On Saturday we went to Hampton Court, the
first visit for a long time. But this weather

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(I am unjust though; Saturday was fine). We had a tremendous
talk about the Equator. In the middle of a demonstration
with two pebbles, Jack Fadeliffe panned (or so I thought).
This diverted my attention. A vicious squint had to be
administered. It was discovered that I took the Equator
to be a circular mark colored dull red, upon the end of this
football. The ignorance & inattention combined seemed
so even that for about 20 minutes we couldn't speak.
However, I was forgiven, & told about the tropics &
Cancer & Capricorn. The question originally was about
the time of moon & sun rise & setting in different months.

On Sunday, Desmond came to dinner; that is
after dinner. He has the hard sea worthy look over
old salt, coated in stiff black, with a few gold scuffs
about him. & boots all made out of plain leather.
But within this shell he is a fender, & vague as
ever, & very fixed after his day work which
results, he is alarmed to find & so on we in
practical action upon his evidence. His mind
had a factitious spryness about it, as it still
working under the official eye; but this wore off, &
he yawned, & couldn't stir himself up, though late at
L's yawns were partly the cause of his. I
regret he took to reading Joyce's ms. aloud,
& in particular to imitating his modern imitation
of a cat's miaow, but L. went to bed, & thought
capable of spending a night in this manner, I
had compunction, & delayed Desmond upstairs,
collecting books as we went. Next morning, having

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observed that breakfast at 8.30 would possibly be early enough, he stayed talking about books till 10, & rambled off quite out of tune for his Vice. I: Dined with the Wabbs. At this point it would be useful could I command the pen of some intelligent & well informed diarist, who with an eye for the future, wrote me who could put down what were the really interesting things that Sir Wm Tyrrell, Camille Hysman, the Sidney Wabbs said.

Went to dine at Wabbs. Camille Hysman & Sir William Tyrrell there. The latter is now Head of Commercial Intelligence Dept & is engaged on drawing up complete dossier of our terms for the Peace Conference. A small, round, grey, friendly man, more like a well-mannered literary man - if there be such - than a diplomatist. Very frank - ostensibly - & talked unnecessarily of policies & people. "A friend of mine was at Kiel on the day of the murder of the Arch Duke & saw the Kaiser immediately after he had heard the news. The K. said: 'Es ist ein verbrechen gegen das Germanium' When I heard that, I knew it meant war." "Lichnowsky has a poor mind. He is a sort of village idiot. His Polish blood however gives him a kind of intuition so that he sees further sometimes than cleverer men - the intuition of the village idiot." The only hope, he said, was for the Allies definitely to declare themselves for a League of Nations & defend its constitution. We should be surprised, if the German offensive fails, if the stiffness of the German terms even then. "Wilson under certain circumstances will be

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the most unmovable of Nere-tidians." "The most important thing ever written was Kuhlmann's answer to the Pope. Alfred of mine met K. & K. told him when he came to England to ask me what I thought of it. I said: 'Tell K. I think exactly what he thinks of it.'" He said he had always thought that the greatest mistake the Allies ever made was to refuse to allow our men to go to the Stockholm Conference.

On Tuesday I went to London. In fact, I went to the printers in Farringdon Street, - got wind of a second hand press; but how far this is the usual talk of the keepers I don't know.

On Wednesday we were to have printed off; our 8 pages were ready, & a 9th too (W. gave out this time). But the printer has his magazine in the press & went on free till Saturday. These impediments are inevitable but jarring. We were getting along so well.

On Thursday, we tried printing the title page in the small press. Nothing would make it come right. The disease escaped us. We had to give up in despair - invitation at least. All these days as black as November; & a high cold East wind.

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Friday, May, 3rd

L. to London to see Henderson. In course of seeing
Henderson he saw all the celebrities of the day.
Watts, Goldie & so on. I went to a Registry
Office in the King's Rd. to get a servant for Nena.
The woman true Chelsea; marked as China is, by
her dress, manner, refinement. She has a
servant, which is more to the point. On then,
by Bus & tube to Hampstead, & to see
with Margaret. I almost mistook Lillian
semincumbent upon a green pillow for a Persian cat.
James was there in those decorous purple draperies
with which people compromise between art & fashion
in Hampstead. Margaret immensely fat &
broad all black. She had stood two photographs
of oblique opposite my plate. I felt this to be
the heart of the woman's republic. L. came in,
& we had a long & semi-political argument
arising out of Milk Combines, & about Government.
Margaret's carpet is there to give an air of austerity
to the room.
"Ah yes, my life's a compromise — all —
compromise," she said. I was struck
as usual, by her genuine character, & also
by the unadorned sense of Lillian, always
to the point, & surprisingly ready with her

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Views, considering her air of modesty. As a matter of fact I believe she comes at things better than most women, being entirely unencumbered by any vanity; as she may well be in clothing, manner, appearance, she is of the most ordinary type possible; & thus her talk, - her pipe, come with force. Janet shows signs of real old age; acquiescent, not flustered, so much as increasingly meditative - shaky, her head a little. But she looked very well.

Saturday, 4th May.

Hodson came to lunch. A soldier now, though by profession a civil servant. A hard, straight forward man, all about him seems as close cropped as his head. A man of average height, I suppose, - thus a sample of what the world does to human beings. He has no special gift or fortune to palliate life. In this light I thought him rather sad; so grim, unpretending & taking what comes as it were anyhow, good enough for him. He didn't like the war, but joined as a duty. First the bachelors went, then those the married men, then those who could afford to. His passage cost him £200. But "such is life". No trace of heroism in this: men I to the He went to Kiev with Leonard. The first fine printer who remains shut. The first fine day since April 1st, or thereabouts. Hot, blue sky, no wind. But sunny; people swarming.

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Sunday May 5th

But when the wind turns to East, it pours. Such a spring I can't remember, though for Blackness the summer I spent in bed at Twickenham matched it. According to Kenna the country has the same climate. This being so, we walked out in our Mackintoshes, up the river & down the Avenue. Scarcely a couple to be seen. I picked the orange barrows, half covered over, with some war man sheltering near under a tree, his Sunday sales demolished. The tea gardens, too, look dishevelled, with their daffodils bent & drenched. Outside Dylart House we heard a cuckoo, inside some forlorn weekend party was listening to a pianola. Dreamed that as Mr. I confess to our relief; his mother burnt her face lighting a gas stove. L: was rather headachy, perhaps owing to a swollen tooth.

Monday May 6th

L: was so uncomfortable this morning that we went out at eleven for it was sunny & beautiful, the wind being in the East. We meant to sit in Kew Garden, but they don't let us open till 12: & therefore we sat on Kew Green, which has been turned into allotment gardens; ugly patches of raw earth, with spotted with white paper stuck into sticks. At twelve we entered. So the general loveliness & freshness was added a sense of being out when we should have been at home; this always turns things into a kind

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of spectacle. It seems to be going on without you. We
sat under a tree, & became a centre for sparrows &
robins, & perched by the attention of a giant
aeroplane.

L. went to Harrison's, & had his tooth cut, for
it was very bad, pouring poison into him, &
the sufficient to cause many headaches, so
Harrison said. I went to London in my
usual round; the one I like best. In my beautiful
hat I forgot the principle thing I'd gone for; a
typewriter ribbon; but never mind. That
will be another day's treat. Besides I don't
altogether like because I'm kept waiting, but I
love Holborn, & the Charing Cross Road, & I
rather like turning into the 'J' Club, & finding
or expecting to find, someone I want to talk to.
I don't like buying hats though; though I've
conquered some part of the horror by learning how
to look into the eyes of milliners, & make my
demands boldly. Eighteen shillings for a hat
seems a great price; but I paid it; & it relieves
me so much to have bought it that I'm
happy again in the end. But what women's
faces in the street! As senseless as playing
cards; with tongues like adders. I found
James reading the Antigone in the Club. Adrian
Presently Leonard came, with Adrian. Adrian
looks immensely long, & his little bow tie
somehow gives him a frivolous rather than

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Distinguished air, as if a butterfly had settled on him by mistake. It has some job in an office. We got off. Blood is a very strong tie; so much can be taken for granted, after the first shy. Then Barbara came in. in her round black hat with the cherry coloured ribbon, as neat as if she'd never been in France; but at the same I think she is a little different. Nick is in hospital, a very inevitable. He spends his spare time with S. on. I dare say the Sec saw is not working quite smoothly; but one can't honestly induce this from a shadow round her eyes! We went on to the London Library, & so home.

Tuesday, May 1st

I wrote speaking Philip Morrell to dinner - not that one need dwell upon that - Wind East & violent rain & grey sky again. A letter from Harry Stephen, suggesting a visit, as if he'd been in the habit of dropping in after dinner once a week all these years. The kiss of blood? something very odd move, in the Stephen brain. L: better, though not entirely right. The tooth was an ancient mammoth; I must read Logan's Iivia now. L. has gone to a meeting at the House of Commons. I've had a rush of books as usual: three Tchekovs, Logan, Squire, & Merrick hanging over me.

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Sunday, May 28th.

The rush of books was disposed of, & Squin was well
drubbed too; at the same time such a rush of people coincided,
that I was clogged into complete dumbness, I see. But
to take up the pen ~~has~~ directly upon coming back
from Asheham shows I hope that this book is now a
natural growth of mine - a rather dishevelled,
rambling plant, running a yard of green stalk for every
flower. The metaphor comes from Asheham.

But first let me recall Janet, Desmond, Katherine
Maurice & Lilian; then were there - yes, there was
Harry Stephen & Clive - Each left with me

a page full of comments, but unless now partly I
think from my habit of falling there incidentally
over to people, & one told, I don't want to recall them.
The falling leaves a groove in my mind which
gives a hardness to the memory, stereotypes it,
makes it a little dull. But I wandered.

Through Richmond Park in the moonlight with
Desmond. We jumped a palisade into Miss
Hichman's funeral grove & found the dark green
mounds pointed with red rosettes. The
Rhododendron is a lovely flower for the moonlight.
And we wheeled a china water cistern also lovely
in the moonlight, the divinity of sheltered
lodge, wedged in among the ferns & the

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flowering bushes. Desmond, who has been pestering me with
unrelenting persistence over the telephone in luring me back to
lunch with Prince Bibesco, dropped all that, drank a
whole bottle, & bubbled like a tipsy nightingale, amorous,
humorous, reminiscent, & remembering the dead,
perhaps melancholy in a happy sort of way. But
he spoke rather pointedly of the charm & intelligence of
Holly.

"Yes, I've never faced tragedy in your life," I said,
how does one, though I know from what we hear they strain
at the collar now & then. But modern life
has the merit of allowing for that. Katherine was
marriageable, as usual, just married to Murray, &
liking to pretend it a matter of convenience. She looks
sharply ill. As usual we came to an odd
complete understanding. My theory is that I
get down to what is true rock in her through the
numerous vapours & fog whichicken or
bewilder most of your friends. It's her love of
writing I think. But she is off to Cornwall.
Harry Stephen told his old stories, wrinkled his nose, &
alluded several times to his great age. He is 58.
An undoubted failure; but that has a freshening
effect upon people; they are more irresponsible than
the successes; but yet we can't call Harry exactly
irresponsible either. He is modest, humorous,
all his pride for his father & ancestors. He
will take out an enormous pocket knife, & slowly

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half opens the reader's mind, & shuts it. Janet was dreadfully more
spirited than of late. She discussed Greek with L: she is
still puzzling out theories about Plato; very open minded, &
ready to understand whatever one may spring on her. I
sprang first, Joyce's novel, then the Marry, who are the
neighbours. Lillian read a paper to the Guild in a
thoroughly co-operative spirit; I think I should take
exception to this maternal care of the women's souls,
if I were connected with the movement. But I
see the terrible temptation of thinking oneself in the
right, & wishing to guide & influence. Then
Clive was in his best man of the world vein,
fresh from May Beerbohm, & inclined to think himself
one of our foremost. His book he sent me his book,
whom I find myself with Hardy, Conrad, & Stevenson
Duncan bracketed first. He babbled & prattled
& hinted at all his friends & parties & interests - not
offensively, to me at least. His genius or wishes to
give the impression that he is drinking in the
Cafe Royal with May, & the young poets & painters
drift up, & he knows them all, & between them
they settle the business. His book is about morality &
not very good criticism. It seems to have little
natural insight into literature. Roger declares that
he doesn't know about pictures. On the other hand,
he has the strong English sense of morality. At
Archeham we had Roger, a picnic, & I spent a night

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8.4

at Charleston. That is by way of company. But the important thing was the weather. The heat was such that it was intolerable to walk before tea; we sat in the garden, I indolently reading, & not tilling but gardening. We had the best display of flowers yet seen - wall flowers in profusion, columbines, phlox, & as we went huge scarlet poppies with purple stains in them. The pinks were about to burst. There was a nest of blackbirds against the wall. Last night at Charleston I lay with my window open listening to a nightingale, which began in the distance. I came very near the garden. Fisher splashed in the pond. May in England is all they say - so feemey, amorous, - creative. I talked a good deal with Anna - much about servants - other possibilities. Roger, Vernon, came up from Bo. Beep, & there was Mr. B. burnt brown, solid, solid, institutional, - very confident.

Roger & I croaked a kind of frog chorus together - how we loved & admired & were only smothered for our pains - Anna sitting almost silent, stitching a dress by lamplight. Roger is growing more egotistical, or his more apparent to me; & his complaints were more genuine than mine. All interesting people are egotists, perhaps; but he not in itself admirable. There were numbers of Belgian

Paris, & equal numbers of children to judge by the sound, though they are kept to their own rooms & hours by Mr. B. & don't appear at all. Sayon - Parker arrive at Arnhem as we go - this being our compromise; for we didn't want them as visitors & they, coolly enough, proposed that we should have them.

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6.4

at Charleston. That is by way of company. But the important thing was the weather. The heat was such that it was intolerable to walk before tea, we sat in the garden, I indolently reading, & not tilling but gardening. We had the best display of flowers yet seen - wall flowers in profusion, columbines, phlox, & as we went huge scarlet poppies with purple stains in them. The pinks even about to burst. There was a nest of blackbirds against the wall. Last night at Charleston I lay with my window open listening to a nightingale which began in the distance came very near the garden. Fishes splashed in the pond. May in England is all they say - so fecund, amorous, & creative. I talked a good deal with Nerva - much about servants & other possibilities. Roger, Nerva, came up from Bo. Beep, & there was Mr. B. burnt brown, solid, solid, institutional, & very confident. Roger & I croaked a kind of frog chorus together - how we loved & admired & were only muffled for our pains - Nerva sitting almost silent, stitching a dress by lamplight. Roger is growing more egotistical, or his more apparent to me; & his complaints were more genuine than mine. All interesting people are egotists, perhaps; but he not in itself desirable. There were numbers of Belgian stars, & equal numbers of children to judge by the sound, though they are kept to their own rooms & hours by Mr. B. & don't appear at all. Saxon-Barbarian arrive at Asheham as we go - this being our compromise; for we didn't want them as visitors as they, coolly enough, proposed that we should have them.

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Thursday June 6th

These gaps are accounted for by the weather. It's not weather for drawing up to the fire & settling in. Indeed, I find some difficulty in reading. The windows are both open; the children next door are playing in the garden, the usual song comes from the ringing teacher's room above the laundry; the birds are vocal in the trees. I want to be wandering down grassy spaces. It's impossible to concentrate. Things therefore pass unrecorded. A good deal of sociability goes on in this weather. Adrian & Karin dined with us on Sunday; the resolutely antisocial in a different way; bright green, with Hardy embroidering let in. They live rather apart from our world, from all words. I can't help feeling, though this may be wrong. A never troubles himself to see anyone & together they make too dense a block to be good guests at a party. A. was amusing, however. Prejudice leads me to think my own relation rather distinguished. It certainly makes me laugh with his stories of Saxon "Fifteen minutes" it takes him to get from the recumbent to the sitting position ~~from a recumbent position~~. A. is observant, malicious, but more kindly than of old. It has the taste, the energy. I've seen Miss Loo - indeed asked her back here to dine with me & bring out. I think the faintest ray of dawn is observable in the pitchy black of her horizon. She is able to conceive the possibility of one day finding some book to read: she has tried Bertie's mathematics, relinquished it, but did not altogether dismiss my suggestion of legal history. She wants to work at something that matters to no one, & will never be used, seen, or read, & can be done for no more nor less than 3 hours a day.

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13-2

When Carrington came to tea with me, L: making a speech again.
(his activities are beyond counting now - what with League &
nations & all its evil designs, War & Peace, & its mobilization,
to which one must add the persistent Darkies, & the '17
Club committee). Carrington stayed over 2 hours; & I
think that by itself is a sign of youth. She is so from her
mixture of impulse & self-consciousness. I wonder sometimes
what she's at, so eager to please, conciliatory, restless, &
active. I suppose the tug of Lytton's influence deranges
her spiritual balance a good deal. She has still an
immense strange admiration for him & no. How far this
discriminating I don't know. She looks at a picture as an
artist looks at it; she has taken over the Thackeray
valuation of people & art; but she is such a bustling
eager creature, so red & solid, & at the same time
inquisitive, that one can't help liking her. She posted me
up in all the gossip. Jos has married his deaf governess,
& thereby blasted the hopes of the even know how many
Marjories. She is disminded in the harshest way,
humiliated in the face of all her friends - or so I should
feel it. Lytton complains that the critics haven't attacked
his judgments. They have copied each other & complemented
him without much fineness. Still his book goes into
another edition; the praise from the elderly, the Ottolengis
& the Goldies, is lavish. I haven't yet read it through;
in deed, I'm rather shocked for imitating my own opinion.
Expecting to find it rather complicated. At any rate
later, as you are the verge of working dinner & going up to
hear the Magic Flute I shan't begin now. And Oliver
has taken a new mistress, & Prudence & Susan have left
Asheham, & I can think of no more gossip for the
time being.

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7th June Friday.

One thing Adrian said amused me - how it positively frightened him to see people's faces on the straths "like gorillas like orang-outangs" - perfectly inhuman - frightful - a her poked his mouth out like an ape. Its attributes this to the war - though I can remember other pronouncements of the same kind before that. Perhaps the horrible sense of community which the war produces, as if we all sat in - third class railway carriages together draws one's attention to the animal human being more closely. L: was told the other day that the raids are carried out by women. Women's bodies were found in the wrecked aeroplanes. They are smaller & lighter, & thus have more room for bombs. Perhaps its sentimental but the thought seems to me to add a particular touch of horror. I went to the Magic Flute, & thought rather better of humanity for having that in them. Goldie was on the same seat now with me, thinking I dare say much the same thoughts, though the proximity of two youthful men may have coloured them differently. There were Roger & Pippa, & Sheppard & finally May Hatch: a Jack & Mrs & James - all collecting in the hall for a moment in the twilight, for the sun, at 10 of a hot day, was hardly out of the sky. Many & Jack in their dress clothes, took me back some 20 years; more accurately they took me back to the New English Art Club. The with her plastered hair, & he with his ruddy face & black sash & a remained hidden from. Home, & in the carriage I saw Jean, & remained behind an officer. I dodged her successfully at an getting out, & then, harrying up the main road, distinctly

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heard myself called, "O thine's Virginia." I hesitated, but
judging such rudeness impossible, turned back and Jean!
was received with the utmost surprise, for she had
been talking about a cab, though thinking so she said,
of me - She introduced me to Ann, who used to
figure so when I was in bed; the lady with the
romance in India, which Jean prayed she might
have strength to overcome. I could only see a
featureless shape, a stroke on again, Jean begging to
come and see us, very cordially.

I admit it may be vanity, but people do
certainly show themselves very cordial & anxious
to come all the way out here - I think we
make a good mixture at any rate, here are the Sangers,
Kot & Gerbler, Pippa all waiting to be fitted in.
while Oldline never ceases to gape wide for a
week end. And we're promised one to the
Waterlows.

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Monday, June 17th -

Another gap of ten days takes me to the conclusion of our
Waterloo visit. With the sort of clumsiness one might
expect of them, they've pitched upon a home in the village
of Ware, taken it for 28 years; in spite of the way it
nursis all the good qualities one might have had,
with such a range to choose from. You have a
view of a dull farmyard; only a glimpse of down.
The house stands in the village street, ~~on a hollow~~.
Too much in a hollow to be capable of view. Sydney
has mellowed a grown less susceptible to the good &
bad opinions of his friend. She is a gnome like figure;
but acute as the unattractive women tend to be
depending upon hard work for their wages. They
produced excellent food, & manage the two
unattractive children without a murmur. "All
is black round me," she said during a discussion on
Saturday night. "I get no acute sensation; I
wonder if it's worth while." S. talks of
taking to literature again. The defect of the
loveliness lies in their relationship. He has no
admiration for him; he no romance about her.
Clear eyed people and morally full otherwise; but
how I hate the average! Strictly speaking,
They're both above the average. The average is
a very queer study though; humble, aspiring,
without illusions. None of them qualities

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are common with the people we see for the most part.
I must run over the names of those we've seen for in
10 days, so far as I can remember them. Ray for the
night; Molly for dinner & also for the night; the
Sanger & Murry; - the others are now forgotten.
Ray lectured the W.C.G. How strange it is to see
one's friends taking their fixed shape! How one
can forget middle age for them, & almost see
them with the eyes of the younger generation!
"Rather a fever", I think they'll say of Ray. She
has the look of conscious morality which is
born of perpetual fighting to the right. She has
green hair, more dogmatic; her attitudes are
those of the public speaker & woman used to
knocking about the country. She speaks in
all the Counties of England. She has lost such
feminine charm as she had; she seems mature.
But she is made of solid stuff; & this comes
through & pleases me, & I like her better than
the cropheads. We discussed the moral
inferiority of Moore, comparable to that of
Christ or Socrates, & R. & L. held. They
challenged me to match him in that respect by
any young friend. I claimed for Henry Duncan
a different but of
equal value. R. tends to think us a set &

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gifted but good for nothing wastrels. Her day work gives
her some claim to look down upon us; but it would
be unfair to say that she condemns or judges. The
moult makes one aware of a different ideal. What
ideal does Molly live for? A very wandering
will of the wisp - but she clings to it & sticks in the bog,
poor woman - hasn't the least clearest of notions,
as to what she's after. She has her dream of
Character on her mind. She imagines that he is
much talked about, & greatly desired. His
worth noting for my own benefit has very little
talk goes on compared with the victims notion
of what must go on. She had ready an
elaborate defence of W: but finding it unneeded,
she confessed to the truth - that she finds him
a little spoilt, terribly without a will & much at
the mercy of any fine lady or gentleman with
good wine. I couldn't deny all this. I believe
the women herself acutely. Let alone the
worry of money, she has a sense of failure, of
decadence, & unfulfilment. She means to give up
London & live in the country, as an attempt at
cure. But there's something solid about it now -
no longer pure fun. She finds his mind
vitrated; his views no longer so interesting.
Mum & the Tangers came here to supper last
Sunday. Vera becomes increasingly ungainly.

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She has become so lame that in order to take off her boots, she has to kick out one leg, & then hunch herself round into an attitude ^{where} she can crook hold yet again. Indeed, I had to do it for her. Mary was pale as death, with

gleaming eyes, & a crouching way at table that seemed to proclaim extreme hunger or despair. Charlie has his wintery brightness still; but weighed down by all this cadaverous company, he scarcely chirped his heart. And after dinner such a dust of despair was craked by Mary & Dora as warmed the cracks & Dora's heart.

"At Christmas," said Mary, "I was near suicide; but I worked out a formula which serves to keep me going. It's the conception of indifference. I have hope no longer. I live in 2 layers & conscience. (but I forget what there were) when Dora eyed him on, & wounded his pride, when we went through the struggle with the host again."

But to us he seemed less nice, perhaps more anxious for respect, this time than before. Despairing young men who have worked out philosophies - describe them remind me too much of Henry Lamb. But there's more than that in Mary. I expect he is used to being an oracle in the underworld.

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Then Leonard went to the annual dinner, which
was almost a dinner in honour of Lytton; but not
very interesting to d: at least. I went to see
Giorganni, to my infinite delight; a last Friday
we went to the League of Nations meeting.
The jungs were defeated by the cranks. It was
a splendid fight to see. The chief jungs ^{was}
H. G. Wells, a slab of a man formidable for his
mass, but otherwise the pattern of a professional
cricketer. He has the cockney accent in words
like "day". He was opposed by Oliver, Mr.
Swanwick & Adrian. There were also present
such gnomes as already crop out on such occasions -
old women in coats & veils with voluminous
red ties, a little button & badge attached to them -
crooked, hammering men, & old patriarchy with
beards, & labour men & ourselves. comical to see
provided, & Sir W. Dickinson. It was
their polite horror at the sight of our party.
but Hobson won, by virtue, I suspect, of his academic
appearance. Wells, when he found himself
thwarted lost the rest of a powerful good temper
he has, & struck out as wildly as he could, & that
far from at Williams & Hobson, & finally left the
room; but we found him caballing in the hall
with Mc Cardie & Spender. & L. is now in London
learning the result at a meeting of the executive.

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24th June. Monday.

The League of Nations intrigue hasn't stayed in our favour, owing to various chicaneries practised by Sir Willoughby after the General Meeting. But I'm not content to give a clear account of them. The amusing thing to me is to see Adrian transformed into an orator, an agitator, a man with convictions. I can't take it quite seriously; I mean I attribute it partly to his need of depending on his own attitude as a C.O. He is a little sheepish; a yet works out points, circulates letters, whips up converts, & organises meetings & the G.O. at the '17 Club, where they plan the most extreme measures. ~~The world~~ It's odd how people invariably fall into these separate groups, & can't be united, as each inevitably a complete group of the right. But all this week has been harassed beyond any engagement by the great servant question. As I haven't traced the stages, I won't begin now. The question was whether N. & L. should go to him for 3 months. At first they agreed with gladness; then they hesitated; then they asked for assurance that we would have them back; then they formally accepted; then they violently refused; then Purvis arrived on a sudden, as ambassador; spent the night, argued, won his case & lost it again. Finally she & I found a widow & child in Soho who take the place; & now all is as it was, after more conversation, letters,

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telegrams, parleys, compromises & diplomacies than
would have set Europe in flame. In his character,
so far as I can make out, is the one thing considerably
damaged in our eyes, the rest have slightly risen in value.
At one stage in this agency, Gentler & I dined with us.
Gentler is a plump white young man, got up for the occasion
very sprucely in sponge bag trousers. His face is a little
tight & pinched, but the word he would wish me to
use when I see him is evidently "powerful". There is something
condensed in all Jews. His mind certainly has a
powerful spring to it. He is also evidently an
immense egoist. He means by sheer will power to
conquer out. But taking this sort of aggressiveness,
he was well worth talking to. I noticed his
amazing quickness. He would soon have told us
the story of his life. I felt about him, as about
many women, that unnatural repulsion. He
forced him into unnatural assertions. He looks things
examined our furniture & pictures. He has never
lodging house thing but, he said. He has never
felt akin to any one. He thinks himself very much
cleverer than most painters. Not but
indulgently silent, preferring scarcely to notice
what was before his eyes. They both described
Mrs. Jewish ~~his~~ family. On Gentler, as
upon Mary & Katherine, sets to my faculty that
shadow of the underworld. You could put no
trust in him; on principle, I can imagine, he is

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unscrupulous. Not is different - rather in the style of the
solid lodging house furniture, but with an air of romance.
We had a visit from Margaret; which opened with a
tremendous broadside of cooperative shop; lamentation,
aspirations & ^{too} sanguine expectations; all exaggerated, so
I felt, in comparison with their real value. The vote at
Congress against Peace seems to her of unspeakable
importance & horror. She still talks of resigning
next year; but we were interrupted in this by
a strange attack in one of L's eyes; he dashed off
to the chemist, & left alone with Margaret I became
purely absurd. L. got Ferguson to take out a small
fly; came back, & went on again, & M. stayed till
the last train. He is a fine specimen of the public
woman; a type, after all, no less marked than the
literary type, though not yet so fully observed &
recorded. Their eccentricities keep me amused,
when to tell the truth, I've ceased to follow
their plots & denunciations. They have the
habit of considering themselves Duval to death.
Overwhelmed with work, without a possibility
of rest; & never once since I've known her has
Margaret owed to any state of health save
that of being very tired. But their peculiarities
are not more than goes to me; & the directness
& robust vigour of her character always overcomes
me with admiration. Given a keener mind, &

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a milder, or some sort of discipline that she's never had, she might have done marvels. I sometimes guess that she thinks her work less good than it should have been. Or it may be only the fernish shadow of old age, in to which no one, not Roger or Goldie or any of them, can enter without a shudder.

But these remarks on public servants might be written over again for her too. She died with us last night - slept, leaving punctually for her office this morning. With an effort she will talk of other things, but she seems bent on bowed under a load of responsibility, which I believe to be timber at present. In addition, she broods over the war. Her own happiness, I suppose, went out very completely with Rupert's death; & I fancy she's making up her mind to a life infinitely poorer & colder than she expected. If this is so, her illusion about the value of a clerk in the shipping office, - her hallucination about her own merit, & the atmosphere

her named condition are merciful. So as they seemed a little clearer. It's the atmosphere of an office as much as anything. She's been offered a post at Birmingham. So we all step into the ranks of the middle aged, the responsible people, the burden bearers. It makes me a little melancholy. Failure would keep us young at any rate.

Before tea this afternoon I finished sitting up the last words of Katherine's stories - 68 pages.

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Thursday, June 27th.

The echoes of the great Charleston affair may still be heard, especially in the region of the kitchen. But it will be, I trust, I hope to take action on their account any more; I waited Tuesday afternoon writing first a violent & then a pacific letter to Anna with my version of our Virtue & Iniquity business. L: took proofs meanwhile. The Labour Congress of course makes it impossible to bring that book to a close. L: was there all day yesterday, & had the sensation of Kerensky's surprise visit. I still find it difficult to make head or tail of Labour party politics, or indeed of any other; but with practice I suppose it wouldn't be harder than reviewing Mr Merrick. The interest in politics there among our friends just now. Adrian & Karin have become rebels & extremists & are seen in every gallery & a meeting place. L: had to repeat the whole story twice over after dinner, first for Margaret & then for Bella. Bella is anti-Bolshevik, but the significant thing is that everyone takes some note or other. Everyone makes the state of the country his private affair. The Mrs Woolf & Herbert dined with us on Tuesday. She has, I think, the qualities of a person who has never altogether grown up, in spite of 9 children & all her cares. She gossips & enjoys herself & bursts into tears because she feels she ought to burst into tears; but she fills her memories with spirit, & somehow deals with life very freely & easily & without the liveliest, childlike interest in it all.

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mixed with the most absurd conventions. She chattered
away about her first marriage, & how they'd travelled
in Austria, & how she'd had a set of robes, &
bought her trousseau at Swan & Edgar. "But Pamela
says the truth - a very fine truth" she observed "
Happiness is never perfect - I've never found
perfect happiness - always something missing, Virginia."
& then she was taking back a bunch of cornflowers to
Bella because it was the anniversary of Dick's death.
Herbert cordial, distant, & detached as usual.

At the Club yesterday I picked up the Times &
read of Aunt Minna's death 2 days ago at
Lane End. She is buried there today. She was
in her 80th year. A more composed, & outwardly lived
useful life one can't imagine. She merrily lived
all that length of time, without adventures, sorrow,
difficulties, doubts, actions. She was always
unperturbed. I think her great quality was her
good sense. She was never in any way absurd or
 tiresome, & if necessary she would have been
a person to ask some sort of advice from. I
saw her a few weeks ago, apparently unaware of
death, taking her leave for 4 years further,
& saying precisely what she'd said any time -
about good & bad novels, about George, Margaret -
how Dalrymple was a really good country. But
of course one mustn't say so. An elderly lady
was with her, who had been a great beauty once,
& was still fine looking, & a kind woman, according

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to Aunt Minnie. I expect that the poor old lady was
more stoical than she let on; certainly she never
seemed selfish or callous; always, had her own small
affairs which gave her just as much interest as she
wanted, & she was too level headed, too clear sighted
to pretend for a second to feel more than she did or
to ask for expressions of feeling. Gerald I think she
was fond of; his change of mood troubled her a
good deal. She was very proud of George & Margaret.
She thought it necessary to tell me that at her age
she couldn't ride a bicycle. I believe too
much money had always kept her more at a
distance from life than was good for her. She
was a great supporter of the Duckworth family,
& was the last of them all.

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Monday July 1st

Just back from tea at the Club, laden with 2 cloths had an
appetiser from Soukhamis. L. at the League of Nations.
We've talked a great deal since I wrote last. First there
was the party at the Club on Friday. I came late &
met Lyllian first & then little Sanger with his name
written & pinned to his buttonhole. All sorts of
people one half knew from the paper - men with shaggy hair
& great eyebrows - women cadaverous or flamboyant.
Macdonald, Hy Haysmans, Mr. Dispard, Thomas
& Wm. I was pitched strangely enough into the arms of
Widow Creighton who remembered me, she said.

Agas perhaps has toned her dogmatism. I found her
easy enough; a sincere fine old thing, her face
emergent of a mist of flesh, & looking infinitely
seamed & worn, like an immensely old man
shining through the mists. She said my old age
was the happier than youth. I was shot in again.

We dined with A. & K.: a good dinner doubtless,
& then sat by their open window looking into
Parliament Hill. At 9 we went on to Rags' party -
a dull affair, a rather respectable nor Bohemian,
manned with Belgians. I talked to Jack
however; very much like our version of him - emphatic,
sententious, & very trusting & kind. I put him
pathetic too; so much seems to have gone wrong for him.
On Saturday I went to tea with Janet - but my
land makes no with carrying parcels that I can't write.

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Mon Day 2nd & 4th July.

My hand shakes no longer, but my mind vibrates uncomfortably, as it always does after an incursion of visitors, unexpected, or slightly unsympathetic. One's talked nonsense; one's ashamed; they've been uncomfortable; the contact of one with the other was difficult. I was reading Macaulay's life over my tea, (L. seeing Snowden in London) when Mr. Woolf was announced. Edgar & Sylvia called in on their way through Richmond. He is a good deal nicer than she is; as I think I've recorded earlier in this book, a age as to be as near the average of her sex, class, & age as may be; given Putney as birthplace, middle class origin & rather moderate means. The great machine turns out millions like her every year.

However they are supplied with a number of ready-made remarks, into the bargain, so we talked away over 20 minutes, & now they are gone. But what led him to marry her?

I started folding L. M.'s story this afternoon; & went round to the printers, who with only five half a promise to have his press free tomorrow. Every conceivable obstacle is flung across our road, though we do our best to come out this next week. Influenza, which rages all over the place, has come next door.

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Thursday July, 4th

We had a great bout of people yesterday, as we tend to do nowadays. Mayhutch: Elise, a Borenius. They had been seeing pictures at Sir Cook's house, & came in later, elegant, frivolous, all garrulous & apt May who scarcely speaks, wanting tea. L. was printing, so I sat in the midst & we engaged in conversation. Borenius is I fancy a good natured bore of the foreigner type. They talk long very explicit stories, launching out on them on the least provocation; but for one evening it did very well. They dined here; & again we assembled in the drawing room, & talked till we could scarcely see each other. B's stories filled considerable space; how he'd been made a Count & other stories encroaching upon Aquith's & Cunard's. Elise golly & jovial, cracking his whip - kicking up his heels; & we discussed pictures & paintings, & decided a good many of our contemporaries. But as usual, I enjoyed it; L. not quite so much. I took Mayhutch over the house; a very shy, & somehow unforthcoming woman; nice I expect, beneath such a fur & sequentness of dress & get up that one has doubts whether she can be nice. She is going to write a story for us, if she can ever leave off scratching it out.

Today, Friday, L. printed off the last of Pabel's only the title page & dedication still to do. Today the printer machine is running, rather to our alarm, as he seems ~~un~~ ignorant of the ~~so~~ get. We may have his press for £25. Very fine & hot.

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Monday July 9th.

I can't fill up the lost days, though it is safe to attribute much space in them to printing. The title page was finally done on Sunday. Now I'm in the fury of folding & stapling, so as to have all ready for gluing & sending out to morrow & Thursday. By rights these processes should be dull; but it's always possible to derive some little skill or economy, & the pleasure of ~~the~~ profiting by them keeps one content. Yesterday we had a day off, & went, together for a wonder, to Souham's; & I hereby make a vow to buy all Draperies, covers, cloths, rugs from him in future & never again go near the Omega or the Barnet. We have obliterated that painful staring cheek under a pale green & blue Persian cloth - infinitely preferable. I: up in London seeing Brunswick about the Darning Coby, & at 17 Club meeting. An Indian is now established in that institution perpetually playing Chess. Lyon, by the way dined with us on Saturday & supplemented this dinner by a long unvarnished & intimate discussion of his failing & health on the telephone. He doesn't get on with Nick, he says, though Barham manages all right. I believe he takes natural pleasure in feeling himself preferred in spite of the awkwardness. Now to my stapling

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Wednesday 10th July.

We have sent off our first copies this evening, after spending the afternoon in glazing & covering. They surprised us when done by their professional look - the stiff the cover pleases us particularly. I must read the book through after dinner, partly to find possible faults but also to make up my mind how much I like it as literature.

Adrian & Karin died here last night, & he spoke to the Guild on Peace - very composed, clear, well spoken, putting in his speeches & reading in his pleasant intellectual voice from notes. He has traces of the judicial mind & manner. The women were more stirred than usual, though their reasoning isn't very strong; & they are of course ignorant. But they would all have been tomorrow in any terms, & abuse our government for leading us on after a plan of their own. When asked to join a Peace Meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday, Mr Langston as spokeswoman, intimated that on no account could they violate the Sabbath. What a terrible Gypsy Christianity this has - He became rigid & bigoted at once, as if God himself had been in his grasp. That I believe is still the chief enemy the fear of God. But I was thankful enough to keep this view dark. Karin very voluble with her advanced views, though I never see how she comes by them. One can't trace any passion. Karin for the first time for weeks today. & a funeral next door; dead of influenza.

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Friday July 5th

Just back from the Club, & therefore in the restless state most
likely to be appeared by writing. Reading: though I've seen
Juan, the tragic Comedian, Venise upon Meredith, even upon
Meredith, the poems of Horridia & the poems of Le foreque
to read, to say nothing of the Autobiography of Tagore,
& the life of Macaulay, being out of the question before
dinner. Besides, I confess, rickens me of reading: I feel
dissuaded even to write, what may become one of
these books, so like balls of stuff upon a dusty shelves -
only with out the solid merit of good wood. I
stood there with the pallid & respectable & got my
allowance. Great storms have been beating over
England the last 3 days, the result of the Bishop's
impossibility, God being as usual, spiteful in his
concessions & now threatening to ruin the harvest.
I owe God a grudge for his effect upon the Guild.
At the Club we met Lytton by appointment, & had
tea downstairs, talking mainly of his book, & his mean-
ing the violent attack upon him by Mr Ward in the
Lit. Sup. yesterday. The less German brutality in
his picture of Nightingale & Clara Clough, professing
to let the coarse caricature of Arnold pass.
How this lights up the stunted world of the first class
railway carriage that the lives in! Lytton is
getting Walter Raleigh to answer, though I think
nothing short of a coronet will impress her
imagination. He stays this week end with the

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Duchess of Marlborough, whom he met in the Cunard box at the Opera; & was fresh from Mr. Asquith. Mr. A. is of opinion that the *Le Autobiographie* of Hagdon is superior to the *Confessions* of Rousseau - He pressed upon him a copy of Hubert & Crankanthorpe's works. He is under no illusion so far about the brilliancy or

desirability of this set as familiar, though very happy & comfortable & mellow in his success. Country life begs him to continue the series in its pages. Lalla Vandervelde is going to act a play of his. Her only anxiety is whether fame will continue. Maynard watches eager for him to be converted; but I see no chance, unless pleasure will be his doom: no, I think he's safe, & really improved. as I suppose most people are by encouragement.

Yesterday & the day before we spent glazing the books, & have now paid all our debts; so that I suppose a great many tongues are now busy with L. & M. I myself find a kind of beauty about the story; a little vaporous I admit, & freely watered with some other cheap realities; but it has the living power, the detached existence of something a work of art. I shall be curious to get other opinions. L. is rather gloomy now about the prospects of his Review. Thomas has taken his name off the Board on the ground that the Trade Unions have the same end in view. This is rather cool, as L. gave them the idea. I have bet 1 shilling that all will be settled by Oct. 1st; & L. editor, & the Review in being.

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Tuesday, July 16th.

On Saturday we took it into our head to do a little marketing; since the book is off our hands temporarily; & we went to Kingston with a basket, but found peas & beans much the same price there as here. I bought a vellum Grotius at a book shop which promised better than it produced.

On Sunday, a wet & cloudy day as all these days have been since the Duke of Rutland fell on his knees we went to Staines to say goodbye to Philip who has notice to go to the front on Monday. I can't help having a good deal of sympathy with my mother-in-law. not only in this parting but in her general attitude to life. It is so lacking in self-communion; & has a natural kind of rightness & wisdom, though she never says a clever thing, & in fact says many foolish ones, & her conventions are so absurd that they scarcely count. We walked up & down a narrow lane between beds of herbs & vegetables; & she cried, & laughed; & then gave me 2 large eggs; & ran about among all her children, very lively & haphazard, & affectionate, evidently liking this sort of miscellaneous company & sons & their wives better than anything on earth. But to give this aspect I should need a chapter. - rather hope me of these days to take one.

~~For~~ Monday, was as usual a day for London & tea at the Club. I was so foolish as to fritter 3/- 1/6 on the blue penholder with

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which I wrote, & when I don't write pick; 1/6 on paper,
at a gloriously extravagant shop in Park Mall. I
justified these extravagances by the fact that you can
get into the National Gallery for nothing. I spent an
hour wandering there. & then came back & tried to
describe my impressions to Vanessa. But I see why I
like pictures; it is as thing that spurs me to describe
them; but then only certain pictures do this; & I insist
(for the sake of my aesthetic soul) that I don't want to
read stories or emotions or anything of the kind into
them; only pictures that appeal to my plastic sense
& words make me want to have them for still life in
my mind. But the atmosphere of picture galleries
always gloomy, is worse than ever now, when the glory of
war has to be taught by a life size portrait of Lord
Kitchener & almost life size battle scenes. Though as
the battles are 18th century battles, one can only look upon
them as rather scenes in a gymnasium or rather a
large scale. I forget now who was at the Club for
tea; but one may still safely seat Alice in one
chair, & dress her in green gray coat & skirt with
a leather belt round her waist & a despatch box
by her side. As for the's not doing work for Alice
one can't tell what's in the despatch box.
Tuesday was a day when I stayed at home &
folded & stapled paper. A French secretary from
Mr. David Davis interrupted me. L. makes
Tuesday a kind of receptacle for shooting meetings
with.

On Wednesday^{17th} we glued 50 copies of Prelude.

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So far our present supply is ample. It seems doubtful whether we shall sell more than a hundred. Clive writes a tolerant but not enthusiastic letter about it. "Don't set the Thames on fire, or turn his fastidious head" so he says. Bob Newclan dined with us, & Adrian came in late. Bob has been through the great crises of his life - which will find him in talk for many a day. He has escaped the army, & may now go either to France or Holland. His literary work is interrupted very seriously. He upset me to so by his statement that in his absence Benny would "live with Crompton Davis - I mean stay with him. - In fact she's there tonight to see how she likes it -" that I did nothing but laugh, at discreet intervals. Leonard & Adrian joined in. It is a ridiculous figure - precisely like the false Mandill especially now that he's bent with the rheumatism, & can only creep or crawl. He is one of our egotists; what's more he manages to be more ~~malice~~ malvolent than anyone I know, under a cover of extreme good nature. He reminds me of the man with the pointed stick, who picks up scraps of paper. So Bob has collected every scrap of gossip within ~~a range~~ reach - a ~~very~~ even stretches after those that are still not beyond his reach. He told me that "he'd heard I was taking my book about to publisher," who presumably refused to take it. Then he lamented the failure of L. M.'s story; accepting my corrections of both statements, but so halfheartedly that he'll repeat them whenever he goes. He invited, too

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that he had met me at the Ferralls when he was an
undergraduate in the 40s. And he rambled over a
long argument about great musicians & great
writers; & he praised our friend books with ^{me} he had
breath & found fault rather more fault than ^{he} had
given praise. But his relish of all this gossip &
malvolence is such that you can't gudge it him.
He went off at 9.30 this morning with L. &
talked all the way up in the train about his
experiences before the Tribunal.

Monday 18th July.

2. spent 3 hours trying to make sense of his Willoughby
Dickinson & the rest, & at 4 I met him in the
Reading Room of the Lander Library. First, however, I met a
milk white horse in of St James' Square, wearing an
ancient Spanish saddle, mounted upon red embroidered
velvet. An old man led it. No sign of
advertisement was visible. Perhaps some Great Duke
rides abroad like this. We went on to tea at
the Club - & what a tea! Two dry biscuits, & so
that we had to resort to cake on coming home.
All ^{our} the copies that we glued yesterday have gone
white in the back. We don't know the cause.
Richmond rang up to offer me Rupert's life for next
week. I told him that I should like to explain
Rupert to the public. He agreed that there was
much misunderstanding. "He was a very jolly sort of
fellow"; he said. I'm trying to get letters out of James.
The Germans are not succeeding this time, & the weather
is windy, hot, violently wet, & puny all in turn.
We are now more getting safe through the moon.

the waiting seemed to be done by Carrington. She is silent, a little subdued, makes one anxious & her admiring & solicitous youth. If one were concerned for her, one might be anxious about her position - so dependent on L: & having so openly burnt the conventional boats. She is to run her risk & take her chances evidently. Lytton was fresh from the W. of Marlborough & Dabernon, who is taking his play in hand. Whatever there is in the way of London society is I suppose now open to him. He is making his investigations not with a view to a permanent settlement; rather to round off his view of human nature. He declares he knows more different sorts of people than any of us; but we disputed this. A great deal of talk about Rupert. The book is a disgraceful sloppy sentimental rhapsody, heavy Rupert rather furnished. Lytton ^{WPL} very amusing, charming, benignant, & like a father to C: He keeps him & waits on him & gets good advice & some sort of protection. He came up with us on Monday, to lunch with Dabernon. Margaret dined with us. Play on the sofa & caught only a few unintelligible phrases.

Tuesday. L: went as usual to his Committee. There are difficulties about the Review. MacDonald wants to make it part of his Socialist Review. Then there are difficulties about the League of Nations. Known is bringing out the Co-operation book, but all these movements are as difficult as much hindered by jealousies & spite as well can be.

Monday 23rd July

I think it was on Friday that I was given my green glass jar by the chemist - for nothing! It's a jar I've always coveted; time glass is the best of all decorations, holding the light - changing it. At Lewes for wound jar, the chemist asked £2.2. On Friday anyhow, Jack Hill & Pippa dined here. All went very easily & freely. Jack has weathered life with great credit, upheld so Pippa says. by his human sympathies, & turned by them in the direction of woman's suffrage, reform education for the poor & so on. though remaining nominally a conservative. The jar however reminded me of excellent highly polished well seasoned brown wood by the look of him. He always seems fresh from the country. He gave us a long & very vivid account of his campaigning. from which one could easily gather his immense virtues as leader of men. To my surprise too, he knows about Georgian poetry, & has read Lytton's book & condemns the Victorians. Perhaps one was inclined to be supercilious, to confound him with George & Gerald. Pippa spent the night. She appreciates Walter immensely. We talked about the future of women next morning. She is head of kind of exchange for finding places & training women who want work, & sees the future in those terms of love. On Saturday we went to Tidmarsh. From the point of view of country there is nothing that we at least can say for it; though the house & garden are nice enough. The river brings such a flood of cheap humanity down to it: red villas perched everywhere; people spending the week end at Longbourn with leather cases & fishing rods. Lytton & Cannington were alone. his servant was visible a most of

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